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The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

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IN THE PASS.

Across my road a mountain rose of rock,
Fierce, naked rock. Its shadow, black and chill,
Shut out the sun. Gray clouds which seemed to mock
With cruel challenges my helpless will
Sprang up, and sealed the steepest crags. The shrill
Winds, two and two, went breathless out and in,
Filling the darkened air with evil din.

I turned away my weary steps, and said,
"This must be confine of some fearful place;
Here is no path for mortal man to tread.
Who enters here will tremble, face to face
With powers of darkness, whose unearthly race
In cloud and wind and storm delights to dwell,
Riding them all by an uncanny spell."

The guide but smiled, and, holding fast my hand,
Compelled me up a path I had not seen.
It wound round ledges where I scarce could stand;
It plunged to sudden sunless depths between
Immeasurable cliffs which seemed to lean
Together, closing as we passed like door
Of dungeon which would open never more.

I said again, "I will not go. This way
Is not for mortal feet." Again the guide
But smiled, and I again could but obey.
The path grew narrow; thundering by its side,
As loud as ocean at its highest tide,
A river rushed, all black and green and white,
A boiling stream of molten malachite.

Sudden I heard a joyous cry, "Behold,
Behold!" And, smiling still, the good guide turned,
And pointed where broad, sunny fields unrolled
And spread like banners; green, so green it burned,
And lit the air like red; and blue which yearned
From all the lofty dome of sky, and bent
And folded low and circling like a tent;

And forests ranged like armies, round and round,
At feet of mountains of eternal snow;
And valleys all alive with happy sound;
The song of birds; swift brooks' delicious flow;
The mystic hum of million things that grow;
The stir of men; and, gladdening every way,
Voices of little children at their play;

And shining banks of flowers which words refuse
To paint; such colors as in summer light
The rarest, fleetest summer rainbows use,
But set in gold of sun, and silver white
Of dew, as thick as gems which blind the sight
On altar fronts, inlaid with priceless things,
The jeweled gifts of centuries of kings.

Then sitting half in dream, and half in fear,
Of how such wondrous miracle were wrought,
Thy name, dear friend, I sudden seemed to hear,
Through all the charmed air.
My loving thought
Through patient years had vainly groped and sought,
And found no hidden thing so rare, so good
That it might furnish thy similitude;

O noble soul, whose strengths like mountains stand,
Whose purposes like adamantine stone
Bar roads to feeble feet, and wrap the land
In seeming shadow—thou, too, hast thine own
Sweet valleys full of flowers, for me alone,
Unknown, unknown, undreamed of by the mass,
Who do not know the secret of the Pass.

H. H.

CORINNA D'AMPEZZO, AMPEZZO PASS, June 22d, 1869.

NEWPORT IN SEPTEMBER.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

How I wish that I could transcribe for you the splendor of "the Cliffs." But in these September days there hovers a light over sea and shore which cannot be caught and imprisoned in words. Wordsworth would not have sung of "the light that *never was* on sea or land" had he gazed but over this opaline ocean, over these flickering shores, which in the same moment concentrate and radiate the loveliest of unimagined, indescribable hues. The beach, two weeks ago crowded with equipages and gay people, the surf, alive with hundreds of shouting and laughing bathers, are empty and forsaken. The gale swept away the long line of bathing-houses; the pie and candy man has gone to assist elsewhere in the destruction of the human teeth and stomach; but "the Cliffs!"—never in the July heats was their beauty so absolute as in the perfect sunshine under the perfect heaven of this September morning! Yonder, amid the abundant grass, the peaceful cattle graze; yonder a maple beckons us toward it with a scarlet hand; yonder wide beeches and elms spread out green tents under which we may rest. Amid these, its face toward the sea, looks forth a home so harmonious in outline, so poetical in aspect, that it is hard to realize that the trail of death and sorrow could ever pass through it, or that those who inhabit it could ever be tired or sorry, sick or lonesome, as at some time every mortal who carries the burden of this human life must be. Past hundreds of such homes, on and on through the green grass, for miles winds the narrow path of the Cliffs. The absolute peace of the green earth and its homes on one side; ragged rocks, evermore the ocean on the other. What stories you would tell, little path; if you only could! What vows, what love you have listened to, perhaps by those who uttered them so long ago broken or outlived! What beauty you have seen, what purity, what sin! What human want, and loneliness, and sorrow, and joy have told their stories to you! At the boat-house, over two miles from its beginning, the path of the Cliffs ends. Here, above the sheltered cove where the little boats are chained to the rocks, looking toward Brenton's Reef, where the lightship tosses through the nights and days, you may sit down, and with your gaze try to follow the ocean out to where it meets the horizon. To do this is to relinquish yourself to its spell, to be magnetized by its might. It draws you outward into its infinity. You catch a glimpse of your own eternity. "Long, long thoughts" are these which leave your soul to travel out across its immense reaches of ever-shifting space. No narrow street, no imprisoning walls limit or restrict your mind as it goes on to the eternities. You are the same being that you were yesterday in the stifling and crowded city—the one who then felt so inadequate to live; the one to whom life, with its penalties, its losses, its pain, seemed so much more than you could bear. How feeble seemed your hold on human love, on thought, on spiritual faith! You are the very one—and now! How certain you are of everything sweetest, truest, and best. Already you have passed through "the sea change into something rich and strange." You sat down beside it, weary in body, weary in heart; and unaware you have already drawn into your veins something of its inexhaustible life. This is one talisman of the ocean, its boundless energy. Who can approach its waves and not feel it and receive it! It electrifies you forever with its buoyancy of life. Ages of storms cannot make it old. After every tempest, it comes back and touches your pulses and washes your feet with the smile of irrepressible youth. Yet its very waves, as they break before you, have something eternal in their call. As you follow them, how sure you feel that there is that in you which can never end. How sure that the love and devotion of your throbbing heart will survive when that heart is still. How sure that the beings best beloved—marred now by the infirmities of the body and of the mind—will yet be given to you some day redeemed and glorified and pure.

To those who seek it, there is a charm in Newport beyond its fashion. The Ocean House is closed. The gay pagoda, where the band played a week ago, is silent. The great halls and piazzas, then thronged with gay promenaders, are shut and deserted. No six-in-hand now dashes along Bellevue. The Turk, with his toys from Constantinople, has gone; the fashion shops have hurried back to Broadway; but Newport is lovelier far than when all the denizens of Babylon were here. The cottagers remain; and the cottages, their flowers, their velvet lawns, their hammocks swinging toward the sea. Redwood Library—that perfect *bijou* of a library—is still here, and more enticing than ever. One may sit in an easy-chair and read THE INDEPENDENT or the *Home Journal*, the *Radical* or the *Methodist*, or almost any newspaper or review *ad libitum*. You may look at the "Dying Tecumseh"; or, if you don't want to, at "Venus of Milo" and Apollo Belvidere. If you can tire of them, you may look at the Rev. Mr. Brooks, who has pink cheeks and an angelic countenance; or at H. T. Tuckerman, whose countenance is not angelic. The fashion has gone; but the ocean remains, and the perfect days. There is a softer iterance in its call than ever came to us in summer. A light rests upon its waves and on its shores which no language can interpret or transfigure. Along the roadside crowds of asters look up at us through their purple eyes, while all around them every knoll and meadow flames with golden-rod. In the tree-tops the miracles of color have begun. Autumn, in her first ecstasy, has decked herself as for a carnival in yellow and scarlet. From its floods the Island has emerged as radiantly green as when June was born. All around it run the opal lines of the ocean; all over it bends the intense blue of the heavens, flecked with the ever-changing splendor of the sailing clouds. Within, enthroned are these superlative days, "Mediterranean days," whose golden airs flow over you and through you, full of the softness, without the langour of the South. Here, by my open window, looking over Narragansett Bay to the ruined forts which Higginson has so inimitably portrayed, I am reading "Malbone." I should never have read it if I had not come to Newport. For, dipping into it in the *Atlantic* one day, I touched Malbone and recoiled. I have a constitutional hatred of Mormons. If I had my way, there is not a willful, intelligent man-Mormon in this land that should exist in it a moment longer than it would take to drive him out of it. But the Mormon whom I especially detest flourishes outside of Utah, makes mischief and havoc far from the walls of Salt Lake City. He is especially detestible because, while he is a Mormon, he is a hypocrite. A Mormon in practice, he yet pretends to be something else and better. Malbone is a constitutional Mormon. Nothing but laziness and the laws could keep him from having a harem fuller than the Sultan's. Missing this, he would console himself by prowling into other folds, and none could be too sacred for him to invade. No noble work or ambition absorbs his manhood. All the subtlety of his intellect, all the graces of his person, are valuable to him only as they enable him to manipulate the hearts of women; and the sole study and profession of his life is to make all women of any charm his slaves. If any woman on earth is unfortunate, as is she who loves with a woman's pure, sole love such a man—a man who loves (?) her only while he sees her, and forgets her altogether while kissing the next woman that he meets. This is Malbone, altogether contemptible from beginning to end. One is thankful that his victims are portrayed in such pale water-colors that one can suffer less for them than if they were living women, embodying in life-force their agony and wrong. "Malbone" and "Aunt Jane" are real—the only vitalized characters in the book. In reading it, one feels certain that the man who wrote it ought to and can write a vastly better one; that where it is thin and weak it is so through no paucity of material, but through the hesitation of the author to use the material that he had. It is written in delicious English. Its words are pure and limpid as this Newport air. Its Proem is perfect. And in a hundred exquisite touches it reveals and portrays the varied loveliness of this enchanting place with a sympathy and charm which has never been surpassed. Opposite is the old "Hunter House," in which its scenes were placed; a noble old house, looking out through its trees with wide-open doors, as if it had no secrets to hide. All summer it has been filled with boarders—mothers and their children. Its great hall runs straight through the middle, and its front-door and back-door stand wide open from morning till night. I look through it now, away out to the bay. Any of us and all of us race through it, down to the little pier behind the house. After reading Higginson's poetic description of this old colonial mansion, I ran across the street and studied it—its carved mahogany staircase; the pineapple above its back-door; the dumpy cherubs on its parlor wainscot, which, by the way, some barbarian has painted white; even the spiral stairs up which poor little Emilia is supposed to have crept to the handsome but good-for-nothing Turk in the attic. Now they are very honest-looking stairs, without the suggestion of secrecy; their doors, opening on every hall, matter of fact white doors, which look as if they never could have shut in either tragedy or shame. Col. Higginson lives a few streets back from the bay, in a cottage *ornee*, amid flowering baskets, trees and vines, books and pictures, as a poet should. He is a graceful, agreeable gentleman, more than ordinarily beloved by his friends. The master of a perfect style, if he does not break his power on too small matters, and waste it in petty punctilios, he ought to give us the best American novel since the days of Hawthorne. Julia Ward Howe's summer-house is here, and her Sabbath evening discourses in the Unitarian church have been given into September. I heard one. There was no prayer, no hymn, no accessory to reverential worship. A vase full of gorgeous autumn flowers before the desk and the inflowing gold of a September sunset relieved and glorified the hard surroundings of the church. A small, slight woman, dressed in black, bonnet on and lace veil thrown back—a woman with fair hair, broad brow, and blue eyes, a gentlewoman in all her aspect—arose in the desk with a manuscript in her hand, and without introduction or comment commenced to read a discourse on "Limitations"—a discourse which had thought and suggestion enough in it to have made a dozen common essays or sermons. Intellectual it was to the utmost degree; but it would have touched the heart more nearly if it had had a little more warmth and worship in it.

There is Kate Field down at the little pier behind the Malbone house, tugging away at her boat, pulling it through the water to fasten it. She wears a sailor's jacket, its broad collar tied with a ribbon; a skirt conveniently short and decently long, giving perfect freedom to her neat and pretty feet; a wide straw hat, a white handkerchief tied round her throat, and gauntlet gloves on her hands. She is brown, brown as a boy or a chesnut berry, and will stay brown while she rows her boat every morning on the bay. Her eyes are blue and bright, wide open and honest, and her smile is bonny. Her dress—worn for service, not for show—is as picturesque as it is sensible, just the dress for the mountains or the boat. It is never worn for effect; for when Kate makes a call she puts on a conventional frock and carries a conventional card, like any other well-bred woman. I am tired out with the parlor affectations of women. This forever trying to make some man believe (for no woman ever deludes a woman) that you are a little more artless, a little more amiable, and a good deal more silly than you really are! If Kate Field has affectations, they at least lean to the side of good sense and honesty. She is not dismally "perfect." No "Kate" ever was; but her faults are perfectly apparent, and she does not try to hide them. I confess to a sincere liking for this breezy maid, who thoroughly minds her own business, who every morning rows her mother on the bay, and then goes in to work hard till dinner, writing lectures and letters to earn an honest living, instead of expending her powers in inveigling some man into earning it for her. And she'll make a dear, willful little wife some day—none the less because, before she became one, she successfully paddled her own little life-canoe without assistance.

WOMAN'S FUNCTION IN THE CHURCH.

BY REV. LYMAN ABBOTT.

It is not to be supposed, because "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God," that all is equally "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness"; certainly not that all is equally authoritative as a direction to us. Such a clause, for example, as "the cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest bring with thee," no man supposes to entail any general moral duty because it is found in one of Paul's Epistles to Timothy. Christ's command, "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain," has lost its special significance with the expiration of the Oriental custom to which it refers, and is valuable only as a curious illustration of a great and permanent principle. In other words, the Bible contains not only general truths, capable of universal application; but also specific precepts, applicable to a special state of society, and properly suffered to fall into disuse by reason of the changes which render them no longer appropriate. One of the most direct and positive precepts of Christ—so far as the mere form is concerned—is contained in the command, "If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you." Yet the rite it seems to prescribe is observed by only one small and insignificant sect. It would have no significance with us. Therefore, we no longer maintain it. Now the Bible, both by precept and example, inculcates a doctrine of the largest liberty both for man and woman. The Apostle Paul himself asserts that in Jesus Christ there is neither male nor female. Yet he seems in two or three passages to discriminate between them, and always in favor of the man. The most notable of these passages—indeed, the only ones of any importance—are those to be found in the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians (xi., 3-13; xiv., 34, 35), and in the 1st Epistle to Timothy (ii., 12). How are we to understand these precepts? When in one chapter the Apostle forbids a woman to pray or speak in meeting with her head uncovered, in a second recommends that she do not speak at all, and in a third forbids her from teaching or usurping authority, does he lay down rules for the government of the church to all time; or does he simply afford some special precepts, the significance of which is determined by the peculiar condition of the community?

In Greece the grossest immorality was not inconsistent with the utmost devotion to religion. The priestesses of the heathen temples were courtesans. Women offered up their persons under the semblance of a religious enthusiasm, as the greatest possible sacrifice which they could make to the gods. The licentious amours of the deities themselves are a prominent part of the romance of ancient mythology. The women of Greece were divided into two classes. On the one hand were the public prostitutes. Their profession was an honored one. Women were regularly educated for it. They were numbered among the *literati* of Greece. They held their public *conversationes*. Among the most famous women of antiquity are these public women of the town. The wisest and best philosophers attended their assemblages and participated in them. The best and purest spirit of his age, Socrates, acknowledges his deep indebtedness to the instruction of one courtesan; and, attending the reception of another, had no higher instructions to offer than some suggestions as to the best means of securing and retaining the affections of her lovers. Society was not merely corrupt; the corruption was scarcely subjected to censure. Women whose very name modern society cannot speak without the mantling blush of shame were the honored leaders of Grecian society.*

The virtuous women of Greece, on the other hand, never went into society. It was not permitted them to attend the theater, except to witness the tragedies. In their own houses they had special apartments allotted to themselves. They never attended the *ecclesia*, which the reader must remember signified primarily the Grecian town-meeting—the Christian church only by adoption. When they went out, they were invariably enveloped in a large cloak or shawl, called the peplum. This completely enwrapped their person, and fell in folds, an impenetrable veil over their face.† To go into public without this peplum was an unmistakable sign of the woman of the town. To go into the public *ecclesia* for the purpose of taking an active part in its conferences was to descend in appearance to the level of the professional courtesan. To suffer this in the infant church was inevitably to characterize their meetings in public estimation as the disorderly assemblages of lewd men and women. If the church had been pure, the danger would have been less. But it was not. Corinth was the corrupt core of this corrupt society. It was as famous for its license as for its wealth. It had more public prostitutes than any other Grecian city. There were a thousand in attendance in one of its temples. These pestilential vices affected the infant church. It was rent with intestine quarrels. Its members fell out one with another, and carried their personal difficulties before the heathen courts. The communion-table itself was converted into a Grecian symposium. The prayer-meetings were often marred by disgraceful disorders. It was currently reported that fornication was practiced by some of the members, and winked at by the rest. Such was the community, such the church to whom Paul addresses warnings as inapplicable to the modern church as the provisions for the cities of refuge would be to modern society. "Go not into the church," he says, in substance, "without the peplum. If you are to speak or pray at all, do not take that off. I appeal to your own common sense. Is it not accounted a shame in your community for a woman to pray uncovered? It were indeed better for you to keep silence altogether. For you yourselves know that it is accounted a disgrace for a woman to speak in a public assemblage in your city."

There was an additional reason for this direction in the circumstances of peculiar peril in which the primitive church was placed. Religious opinion was comparatively free in Greece and Rome. Indeed, there has never been an age of the world when there was a greater freedom of religious utterance than in the first century after Christ, unless it be the nineteenth. There is, however, this difference: freedom in the nineteenth century rests on clear and well-settled convictions; in the first it rested on universal indifference and skepticism. But Christianity alone of all religions was aggressive, and in a sense intolerant. It was the only faith which asserted, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." It was the only faith which had vitality enough to grow. Judaism was equally exclusive. But Christianity alone made converts. The heathen priesthood, therefore, bestirred themselves to put it down. They charged it in vain with heresy. Nobody cared about heresy. They were obliged, therefore, to indict it for immorality. The meetings of the Christians were generally conducted in secret. This very secrecy gave their enemies an opportunity to malign them. They were accused of intemperance, adultery, incest, infanticide.‡ These charges, now believed by none, were then questioned by few. It takes long years to silence a calumny which is set on foot in an hour. Popular prejudices were aroused against the church and against the religion it represented by baseless charges, which only a pure life and sometimes a martyr's death could suffice to counteract. Very wisely, then, the Apostle, who commanded to avoid every appearance of evil, commanded the church at Corinth not to suffer in its assemblage conduct which, however right and proper in itself considered, would add weight to these baseless charges and intensity to the passions and prejudices they were intended to excite.

That the more general command in Timothy, "I suffer not a woman to teach," is equally a special precept, applicable only to a peculiar state of society, scarcely needs demonstration. It is disregarded by the universal consent of Christendom—Protestant and Romanist, Orthodox and Heretic. Its enforcement would abolish most American nunneries, would expel from our Sabbath school eight-tenths of its corps of workers, and would utterly disrupt our common-school system. Teaching, which in the days of Paul was the sign of a life of professional vice, is, in the higher civilization which Christianity has brought with it, in a peculiar measure the function of a noble woman.

The Bible cannot then be cited against an extension of woman's influence and activity in the church. What she may do with propriety depends altogether upon other considerations. It may, indeed, be doubted whether there is Scripture authority for appointing a woman to ecclesiastical headship in the church. It is doubtful if there is any clear authority against doing so. But, however that may be, with that single exception, there is no authority in Scripture for refusing to woman the right to do, in the church or out of it, whatever she can do well. She may speak, if she can to edification; she may pray, if she has the spiritual tact to lead or the spiritual endowments to quicken the devotions of others; she may hold any office, if her special capabilities adapt her to its special work; in a word, with the unchecked freedom which love gives, she may consecrate *all* her powers to the service of Christ, and employ them in the church in whatever ways are for its edification. There is nothing in the Bible; there should be nothing in public sentiment, to forbid her.

CORNWALL LANDING, N. Y.

* See Smith's "Dic. of Gr. and Ro. Antiq.," Art. Hetæræ; and Lecky's "History of Morals," Vol. II., chap. v., Position of Women.

† See Stanley's Com. on Cor., p. 179.

‡ Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," Vol II., p. II. chap. xvi. See also Lecky's "History of Morals," Vol. I., chap. iii., Conversion of Rome

THE QUEEN'S KISS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

In all the blessed calendar,
The sweetest saint I hold to be
Thuringia's gracious Landgravine,
Elizabeth of Hungary.

A heart of love, a soul of fire,
A hand to succor and to bless,
A life one passionate desire
For pure and perfect holiness.

Though heretic, I scarce can doubt
The legends, beautiful and quaint,
Of miracles that so illume
The tragic history of my saint.

The story of her fasts, relieved
By angels serving food divine,
Of water from her goblet turned
Upon her fainting lips to wine.

The story of the leprous child
She laid upon her own soft bed;
And how the court stormed at the deed,
And all her maids in terror fled.

How, chiding, came her angered lord,
To find his chamber filled with light,
And on his couch a Christ-child fair,
That smiled and vanished from his sight!

The story of the beggar, crouched
Upon her courtyard's pavement cold,
O'er whom she flung in Christ's dear name
Her ermined mantle, wrought with gold.

And how it was the Lord himself
Who, in that abject human form,
So moved her heart—to whom she gave
Such royal covering from the storm.

And that dear legend that they keep
In roses round her castle still,
Her memory blooming bright and sweet
By Wartburg's steep and rocky hill:

How, one mid-winter day, she went
Adown the icy path, to bear
A store of meat and eggs and bread,
To cheer the poor who claimed her care;

How, hiding all beneath her robes,
Against the tempest tolling down,
She met the Landgrave, face to face,
And trembling stood before his frown.

And how "What dost thou here, my wife?
What bearest thou?" he sternly said,
And oped her mantle's folds, to find
Within but roses, white and red!

How then he thought to kiss her cheek,
But dared not, and could only lay
One rose, a rose of Paradise,
Against his heart, and go his way.

Within the French king's banquet-hall,
Upon the royal dais raised,
Sat Blanche, the Queen, from fair Castile,
The Princess by our Shakespeare praised.

She who through blessed motherhood
A more than royal glory won—
From Louis, kingliest of saints
And saintliest of kings, her son.

It chanced that, as the lovely queen
Gazed round the banneréd hall that day,
She marked a pensive stranger stand
Beyond a group of pages gay.

A fair, slight youth, with deep blue eyes,
And tender mouth, that seldom smiled;
And long bright hair, that backward flowed,
From off a forehead pure and mild.

"Know'st thou, my dear Lord Cardinal,
Yon fair-haired page, that stands apart?"
Asked Blanche, the Queen. "His sad face brings
A strange, deep yearning to my heart."

"Your Highness, from a blessed life,
Now hid in God, that youth drew breath;
'Tis Herman, of Thuringia,
The son of Saint Elizabeth."

Then rose Queen Blanche, and went and stood
In all her state before the lad,
And fixed upon his comely face
A gaze half tender and half sad.

"Thou'rt welcome to our court, fair Prince!"
At last she said, and softly smiled.
"Thou had'st a blessed mother once;
Wilt tell me where she kissed her child?"

He like his mother's roses stood,
All white and red with shy surprise:
"'Twas here, your Majesty," he said,
And touched his brow between his eyes.

Fair Blanche of Castile bowed, and pressed
A reverent kiss upon the place;
Then crossed her hands upon her breast,
And murmured, with uplifted face:

"Pray for us! dear and blessed one!
Young victor over sin and death!
Thou tender mother! spotless wife!
Thou sweetest Saint Elizabeth!"

A WEEK ON THE RHINE.

BY REV. J. L. CORNING.

I SUPPOSE it may safely be computed that half the intelligent people of America have had dreams, in which desire, hope, and expectation were mingled in diverse proportion, of making some day or another a pilgrimage to this river, which beyond any other is surrounded with historic interest and poetic association. Our brains in a fever and our feet sore with the excitements and fatigues inseparable from travel and sight-seeing, we looked forward to the Rhineland as a sort of Canaan of promised rest. You may "do" the works of man in a hurry; but there is a certain irreverence which amounts almost to blasphemy in taking one of the best creations of God on the run. And so we prepared to build tabernacles in Bonn, within sight of which quiet little city the wonderful mountain scenery of the Rhine commences. If you wish to get the poetry of Bonn without the prose, you must take your quarters on the river-bank, as we did. Here you get fresh air and charming prospects. Not least the former; for I am sorry to record that Bonn has certain idiosyncrasies, recognizable by the olfactory nerves, which give good proof of the necessity of an efficient street committee. It is a positive fact that a tender parent, sending a boy on an errand to the market-place in the center of the city, exhorted him in my hearing to run as hard as he could and hold his nose! Travelers say that this is a feature of German cities; and our experience in several already confirms the report. Besides the scenery, the landscapes, and the old architecture peculiar to this river, there are phases of German life which can be seen nowhere else. In order as far as possible to take in all at once, get your rooms close to the steamboat wharf, and order your meals on the piazza overlooking the river. The Rhine is a great thoroughfare, the only Broadway in the whole region, for German streets are nearly all alleys. On this swift current the endless panorama of industry and pleasure passes before you. Great rafts of timber come floating by, with their improvised colonies—the old lumbermen, with their wives and children, all on a castle-hunting excursion with free passes to the sea. Capricious fate! They have seen all the sights for nothing, which cost us a letter of credit I dare not say how big. Float on, ye plebeian princes, with your beer and black bread; the river-gods have surely been kind to you.

Of steamboats there is a ceaseless train; and how shall I describe one of these unique machines? Long and shallow and narrow, with two pipes fore and aft, and one or two masts, nobody knows for what. The steersman stands either midships or aft, but never forward. The decks are constructed to accommodate the law of social distinction; as, indeed, everything else is hereabouts. There is the forward deck for poor folks; the saloon deck for well-to-do middling folks; and a circumscribed pen clear astern for princes, counts, and such like, together with whatever ambitious Americans choose to pay about ten times the regular fare. But God is no respecter of persons, and the poor market-woman who brings her cabbages to Bonn from up the river for four cents passage-money has seen as many old castles and vine-clad mountains as the real dukes and would-be duchesses at the aristocratic end of the boat.

Then there are long processions of freight-boats, which look like monitors with the chimneys off; and these creep slowly to the Upper Rhine, in tow of lusty steamers, and come floating down with the tide, carrying casual comforts to the sea—wine and coal, to warm folks from within and from without.

Such a chaos of sounds all day long—the ringing of bells, the bundling of baggage, the puffing of steam-pipes, and the inevitable clatter of consonants, which people in these parts have the effrontery to call the German language—the dialect in which Schiller wrote, so they tell me! We were credulous enough to expect an interval of quiet on Sunday. Alas! we had forgotten that we were not in a New England village.

There are about four times as many steamboats plying the Rhine on Sunday as on any other day. It is the national holiday; and the people do up their religion early in the forenoon (if they attend to it at all), and then, with flying banners and bursting baskets, throng to the wharf for a grand pic-nic to some romantic spot a few miles away, and there under the trees they eat their simple meal and drink their beer, and at night come home again, with cannons and rockets saluting the villages as they sail by. And the next morning all are hard at work again—the one glad day of the week has passed, and the six solemn ones have begun.

Preliminary to the Rhine voyage, which is yet to come, clamber to some lofty spot, as the patriarch did to Nebo, and look far over the goodly land. The old Castle of Drachenfels (dragon's rock), nearly a thousand feet above the river, within an hour of Bonn, affords the best possible opportunity. In this impregnable fortress the robbers of the olden time used to watch the travelers and the freighted crafts in the valley beneath, and swoop down like vultures upon their prey. As one enters this deserted den of thieves, he instinctively grasps his pocket-book, as I have heard of honest people doing in the State House at Albany after the adjournment of the legislature. The prospect here is one of surpassing beauty. Far down the river shoot above the plain the spires of Cologne, and upward the dusky summits of the Eifel and the ruins of Tomberg and Rolandseck; while beneath you stretches out the fertile valley, with its ribbon-like harvest-fields, and its bordering slopes, covered with luxuriant vineyards.

An unclouded sun heralds Nellie's sixth birthday, and this shall go into our household history as an epoch; and what could more effectually ordain this than a voyage up the Rhine. So shall it be. It is less than a hundred miles from Bonn to Mayence, between which two points the best scenery of the river is included. But it will take us twelve hours against the strong downward current, and never were hours so short as these. To see the Rhine satisfactorily, sail up, not down. One is poorly circumstanced for getting the inspiration of natural scenery while shooting rapids. One excellent feature is that you can get your meals on deck; and you must needs do so, if you would not miss some richer festival. It is a mortifying recollection that we were sipping soup in the cabin while the boat passed the glorious Castle of Stolzenfels. We had nearly sold one of the rarest of privileges for a mess of pottage. But we repented just in time, and let the soup go cold to the kitchen.

At the point of departure purchase a Rhine panorama. On this every winding of the river through the whole route is indicated, every important town named, and every important castle pictured out on the margin. With this in our lap, we could recognize almost every point of interest as an old acquaintance. We could anticipate the great moss-grown ruin and the beautiful princely chateau long ere they loomed up on their rocky hights. I might as well undertake to describe the National Gallery at London by sending you a copy of my catalogue as attempt by a mere enumeration of the points on this Rhine voyage to convey a satisfactory impression concerning it. Every person of average intelligence has seen the Rhine after this fashion again and again. Alas! if you could only get on

The Independent.

PURSUIT.

BY RACHEL POMEROY.

Behind us twinkles the drowsy town,
Nodding a sleepy good-night;
Before, wait mountains, trees and lake,
And the magical moonlight;

Yonder the dim peaks swim in mist,
Tremulous, far away;
The waving shore-line follows us close,
Our oars dip diamond spray,

As out into dreamland we drift along,
Drawn on a shifting quest,
Chasing ever a flying shape,
A vision that will not rest;

A ghost of evanishing beauty
That lures us over the wave,
Crying, "Here have I somewhat to show you;
Follow, and you shall have."

Now she is just before us,
Dipping her feet in the lake;
Now she has caught the shimmer
That crowns our shining wake;

She glides on the slanting star-ray,
Plays in the coy, cool breeze,
Drifts with the lapsing current;
Glooms in the mute, black trees;

And, if ever we think to grasp her,
The fair, wild vision has fled,
Has slipped from our seeking fingers,
And slid into somber shade.

O, vexing Shadow, what will you?
Whither away so fleet?
Linger a moment till we touch
The print of your airy feet;

Till we catch, though an instant only,
The look in your eyes, and see
Where you have hidden your secret,
And who and what you be!

Shall we follow her, friends, yet farther—
This phantom without a name,
This myth of the mist and the moonbeam,
This spirit of dew and flame?

Ah! the night might swoon amid her spheres,
Yon ripe moon faint and die,
And the stealthy morning red might snatch
The last star from the sky;

Or ever this cruel, fair ideal,
This sliding doubt and dream,
Would stop and face us, and let us know
If she be or only seem.

And if she turned, think you we four
Should find we sought the same?
Would not each, if he breathed his innermost,
Whisper a different name?

Ah! not one, but four the Thing we chase—
And what who cares to tell?
Wishes and glances and hearts may cross,
But we hug this secret well.

We may thrill in a common pulse of joy,
Spirit touch spirit and heart feel heart,
May melt as one at the spell of the night,
Yet each of us sits apart,

Looks and listens and yearns alone,
Questions the dark, and waits
Out of this web of beauty to draw,
The thread of his doubtful fates;

Hears through the hush of the brooding night
A subtle, eluding refrain,
Keeping time to a music he cannot still,
A rhythm of heart and brain;

Hears a strain that soothes and chides by turns,
To him, him only sent—
A challenge now, and now a cheer,
Or a passionate lament,

But all for him and him alone—
As for him is night and star,
And for him that Thing of hope and doubt
That hovers and hides afar.

Lucerne, Switzerland, August, 1869.

FAIRY FINGERS.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

"I don't think it is wicked, Myra, to say I hate old duds. There is nothing in the Ten Commandments against it; and, to put the case a little stronger, my soul abhorreth old duds."

The speaker was a lively girl of twenty, with a head of thick, dark hair, cut short and curling about a broad, low forehead. Bright brown eyes, a nose that aspired the least bit toward heaven, a rich complexion, a mouth too large for positive beauty, with white, irregular teeth, made up a picturesque and attractive face.

"Look here," she continued, holding up her work, "there are more than a dozen pieces in this dress-sleeve; and on the wrong side it looks like the map of Mexico. Oh, how I have racked my brain getting it out. I know I ought to be very grateful for the ugly stuff. It was sent in a missionary-box; and I dare say some kind old soul thought she was doing a vast deal toward clothing the naked by her donation. But I fear it was wasted on me, for I am an ungrateful girl."

"No, you are not an ungrateful girl, Hepsy; and it isn't right to run yourself down."

Myra, Hepsy's sister, a year younger than the other, was toiling rather languidly, and not to much purpose, at the same distasteful work, in a shabby, low room, littered with snips and shreds. She had a soft, blooming beauty, with hazel eyes that looked everywhere for love and protection, and large blonde curls touching her white neck as if caressing it.

"Yes, I am. I am hardened," returned Hepsy, pulling rather savagely at her thread until it snapped, "by seeing us grow poorer and poorer every day, and by watching father as he grows less certain of his steps, and gropes along with the thin, white hair hanging about his troubled face, and his hand put out stealthily before him." Two tears gathered in the girl's dark eyes and trembled on her lashes; but she avoided this manifestation of hardness by quickly brushing them off. "And then," she went on, "the worst of it is, he is so sensitive about his loss of sight. It does not do to take the least notice, or offer any comfort. He has felt the Sunday visits of the new minister from Meriton very keenly. He stoops more and looks older every time Mr. Marsh preaches. When things are bad, and getting worse every day, and one is nothing but a weak, useless girl, I'm sure it's enough to harden a person."

"Poor, dear father," sighed Myra; "but perhaps this is better than some other affliction. We can keep a great deal that is unpleasant from him now; don't you know we can, Hepsy? And by and by he will get used to it. The thing is, how to live at all. I never was good at figures, and my head whirls when I think about our embarrassments."

"The sum, How to exist on nothing a year, is a little puzzling," said Hepsy. "I have bothered my small brains with it night and day. But I am always subtracting and never adding; and the remainder, or whatever that thing-um-bob is called, appears to be starvation. Such calculations are not profitable; so I brush them off into some dark corner, and go to weaving fairy-tales. Do you know, Myra, I should like to be distractingly beautiful?"

Hepsy put her head on one side, and looked at her sister searchingly.

"Should you, Mousie?"

"Yes, I should. Beauty, they say, is a snare; but I would not mind trying its dangerous fascinations. I suppose I am selfish. It makes people selfish to wear old clothes perpetually. One gets into deceitful, underhand ways, trying to hide the rents in one's shoes and the faded breadths in one's gown. I am sure, I should be a much better girl if able to afford a new dress now and then."

"O, Hepsy!" and Myra raised her soft, pleading eyes. "I never knew you cared so much for dress. You made me take that sprigged delaine Mr. Beck gave us last fall, and in the spring I had a buff calico; but you have had nothing new for an age."

"That doesn't signify," returned Hepsy, a little snappishly. "Folks look at you when they don't notice me; and, if one of us must go about in rags and patches, it is your humble servant. I don't pretend not to like beautiful clothes. I am not such a deceitful baggage as to pretend to a meek and patient endurance of poverty. You know I do fume dreadfully sometimes; but I shall always be poor. I feel it in my bones. The fairy fingers never will touch my old faded calico and change it into silk and satin."

"I don't believe in your conjuring," said Myra, shaking her curls.

"One can't always look on the dark side," continued Hepsy, "and sit owlishly staring into the murk, when there is not a star to be seen. Sometimes I toss all my frets and worries and botherations into a corner, and begin to see visions, and dream dreams out of my old story books. You are always there, Myra. And the fairy fingers change you into a beautiful princess; and this shabby old rag of a carpet grows soft under your feet, blooming all over with roses that one can fairly smell with the dew on them. And the fairy brushes these ricketty, lame chairs and tables, and whisks them into rosewood and satin. This dingy papered wall, with its hideous blotches and spots, grows to a high ceiling, hung with mirrors and pictures; and there is father (bless his heart!) with his easy-chair in the sunniest corner, looking bland and happy. A fascinating young prince stands by your side, Myra, and whispers in your ear. You were born to riches and grandeur, sister mine. What will you do when you come into your fortune?"

"Well, if you are not the very oddest girl I ever saw!" and Myra looked up with a puzzled, childlike expression. "When I come into my fortune, I will do like the little boy in the story—swing on the gate, and eat bread and molasses all day long. But I want to know where you are, Hepsy, when all these fine things come to pass."

"Not in the same place with you. We were born under different planets. Old Sally used to say I was a Saturday's child, and a Saturday's child must work for her living. I see myself in a work-room, with other girls like me, earning my daily bread. It is a sober little picture; but still I am calm, if not happy, as they say in novels."

"Get along with your old fairy fingers," cried Myra. "I would turn a deaf ear to the most insinuating, handsome young prince in creation, unless he brought his bosom friend to court my little sister."

"If I am ever courted," returned Hepsy, oracularly, "it will be by a poor man. But, if he is only noble and true-hearted and I love him dearly, I shall not care; for

'Tis love, love, love that makes the world go round.'"

"Look! there is the prince, for aught I know, at this moment walking under the village trees with father and Mr. Marsh."

Hepsy picked up her sewing-work in the skirt of her dress and ran to the window, as did Myra also.

"I didn't know before that princes wore Wide-Awake hats and carried fishing-rods," said the latter, demurely.

"Who is he, child?"

"Harry Anson," returned Myra, with a little droop of her white eyelids. "I met him the other evening at Mrs. Granger's tea-party, and he told me Mr. Marsh was his college chum. He has come down to hunt and fish for the season. There, they are all turning in toward our gate. I wonder what Mr. Anson is coming here for?"

"Oh, Miss Innocence! Is he a rich prince? If he isn't a rich prince, he cannot be the man of destiny."

"How horribly mercenary you are, Hepsy. May not I be allowed to marry for love, as well as your worshipful self?"

"I hope so; for nobody believes in love quite as I do. But you are such a useless, dependent darling, I don't know what would become of you if you were to marry a poor man. Poor men's wives can dispense with beauty; but they must have faculty. If you are to be immolated, dear, I don't believe this Mr. Anson would prove a grim executioner. Humph, he is decent looking."

"Decent looking," repeated Myra, with a flirt of her curls; "the girls are all wild about him."

The old pastor had stopped with the two young men by his own gate, in the little footpath that went zig-zagging and trickling along through the elm trees, with their branches dripping gold in the afternoon sunshine. The wind was playing with his white hair like a baby's wayward fingers; and there was a piteous, perplexed look in his face, like the look we see in the faces of the blind.

"Mr. Marsh is coming in, too," said Hepsy, as the gate clicked, after the conference in the path had lasted some minutes. She was bestowing certain dabs and pats and shakes and pulls on Myra's hair and person, to get her ready to see company. "Mr. Marsh was here yesterday morning." She took the little heart-shaped pin from her neck, and put it in Myra's ruffle. "It seems to me he drops in rather oftener than the church business actually requires. Here, dear, put on my black silk apron. You look like a daisy. I notice where his looks go, and I am afraid somebody's heart will ache by and by, for Mr. Marsh isn't the prince. The fairy fingers wont touch him any more than they will me. There, father is calling," and she pushed bashful Myra toward the study door. "I must run over and ask old Jane Haggis what to do for chickens afflicted with the gapes."

Hepsy put on her flappy sun-bonnet, and slipped out of the back door. The way to Mrs. Haggis's cottage lay across lots, where white clovers were dropped like pearls among the bladed grass, and leaf shadows trembled down into the hearts of golden buttercups, and insects and happy-winged creatures made a drowsy music. Hepsy was not very miserable, in spite of the lean larder at home and her faded calico dress, on which she inflicted a skewy tear while getting through a pair of bars. It is hard to be miserable at twenty; and then she had Myra's fortune to think about. The old fairy fingers were busy at work upon a picture in which the brook, and the birds singing overhead, and the rustling grain along the path she trod played their part. According to Hepsy, God made helpless people to lie in the lap of luxury. Fine ladies are always helpless, and little Myra was as helpless as a baby. Hepsy sighed as she thought of Mr. Marsh. Somebody's heart would get hurt in the business, she could foresee; and that it was a generous, large, warm heart she did not doubt, from the light that beamed out of his grave, kind eyes and the gentle considerateness he had shown the old pastor.

By this time Hepsy had reached Jane Haggis's little gray cottage, that looked as if it had done something it was ashamed of and meant to settle back into the ground. The crochetty old dame was sitting by her primitive door, with hens pattering in, and getting "shoved" out again peremptorily, braiding straw for seaside hats with her skinny, rheumatic old fingers. Hepsy took off her sun-bonnet, and swung it by one string. At that moment a scheme for money-making darted into her head. Old Jane was maundering on about how she enjoyed poor health, and telling off her complaints like the days of the week.

"Jane," said Hepsy, forgetting all about the chicken gapes, "will you teach me how to braid straw?"

Jane signified that she would; and all the way home through the clover and leaf shadows, and the straight sunbeams growing muddy, Hepsy was braiding a vast number of bathing-hats for the rich city people who came to a pretty white beach five miles from the village during the heats of August, and turning the front room of the parsonage into a trim little shop, with Myra to catch custom by her lovely face, and Hepsy to manage the business with her shrewd, practical little head. Hepsy was glad because she was a "Saturday's child, and must work for her living."

"Mr. Marsh was sorry not to see you," said Myra, as Hepsy opened the door. "He had something or other to say about the Sunday school."

"A poor excuse is better than none," thought Hepsy, hurrying round to get the tea-kettle on. Myra had forgotten all about tea, and there was a short-cake to make. Hepsy sighed to hear her flour-dredge scrape on the bottom of the barrel; but the sigh was not so hopeless as it might have been.

That night, as the girls were taking out their hair-pins, up in their little white-washed chamber, Hepsy poured her great business scheme into Myra's ears. Myra approved of this, as she always approved of Hepsy's plans, while the beautiful blonde hair rippled and shimmered over her white neck; but, truth to tell, she was thinking of something that droll Harry Anson had said to her.

The front room got turned into an attractive little shop in due course of time, by Hepsy's skill and energy, and the straw-braiding progressed more favorably than could have been expected. One window was filled with a few cheap ribbons, fluttering against the green of a Virginia creeper; and every bright afternoon Myra sat there, with a rose in her hair, and her dimpled hands folded on a white apron, with coquettish pockets that never held anything. It was Myra's mission to look pretty, and Hepsy recognized the mission without grumbling.

The little, tasty shop and the beautiful young shop-girl grew popular with the bathers at the beach. The blind pastor and his daughters came to be objects of interest beyond the narrow circle of their village. The relation between the blind, helpless old man and his young successor was growing almost tender and confidential. The old man had been hurt and grieved a little at first, perhaps, hearing those fervent, sincere tones sounding from the village pulpit, where for so many years his own voice had filled the ears of the people. The useless old man was pushed aside, he thought; but this was a taint of human weakness that wore away. The old man must lean somewhere, and the young one made his arm very strong and tender to support and encircle him.

Hepsy saw the perplexed look vanish from her father's face, a placid spirit of rest and contentment touched his sightless eyes; and she knew who had helped him. She sighed often as she thought she read the meaning of somebody's glances. Somebody's heart would ache and throb painfully one day; and she was sorry to have it pained, knowing it to be so good and devoted.

Hepsy, in her faded calico gown, thinking for everybody, went tripping about the housework, making her odd, abrupt little speeches, and finding time to dream dreams, when fairy fingers wove their meshes through the straw she plaited so industriously for those gay ladies on the beach. There was little doubt in Hepsy's mind now who the prince was. Harry Anson strolled about perpetually in the bright summer weather, with a fishing-rod over his shoulder; and his favorite place of angling appeared to be in at the little shop-window, where Myra sat with a rose in her hair. Mr. Marsh was there with him sometimes, and it seemed to Hepsy's quick eyes that he looked older and graver as the summer advanced; but when Sunday morning came there was no cloud or dimness visible. He delivered the message from his heart so that people wept and were lifted up into a purer air.

One day Fidelia Goss, a gossiping neighbor, ran in, with her apron over her head, to borrow a sleeve-pattern, and brought the news that Harry Anson had fallen heir to the fortune of an uncle, who had died suddenly in a distant town. Myra drooped a little over the news, but Hepsy kissed her exultingly.

"I knew the fairy fingers would change you into a fine, rich lady, little sister."

"I don't care for his riches," said Myra.

She did not say what she did care for; and some time passed, but Henry did not come. It rained four days, with a dogged, persistent drip from the trees and the creeper at the window; and Myra left the little shop and stayed up stairs, thinking her own thoughts. On the fifth day the sun broke out with a great burst of splendor over the glittering, wet fields; and Harry came, looking a little subdued and very happy. He took possession of Myra in the most natural way; and Hepsy felt that he was a true-hearted prince, indeed, as later she watched the two go up the wood-path together, looking as if they were wandering into some place of enchantment, never to return to this dull earth again.

Hepsy had to take her place behind the vines at the little shop-window; and, because she was a hardened girl, and a selfish girl, she could not feel quite as happy as she knew she ought to feel. The fairy fingers would not weave their olden charm. She was thinking of how somebody's heart must of necessity ache, and pitying him, when a shadow fell across the window-sill. Perhaps Hepsy had been crying a little, softly to herself. She looked up in a startled way, and saw the young minister.

"Are you alone?" he inquired; and something in his voice or face, or both, perplexed her.

"Yes," said Hepsy, quickly, turning from the light. "I am sorry Myra is gone. She is with Harry Anson." Here she paused. "They are engaged now; and, of course, it is natural they should be together a great deal." Hepsy could have bitten her tongue for breaking it so abruptly; but Mr. Marsh did not appear to have sustained a profound shock.

"I am glad they are happy," said he, quietly enough. "Harry and I were schoolmates years back. I know him, and can trust him thoroughly. I have foreseen how this would end. But there is something else on my mind. May I speak to you, Miss Greenleaf? Why do you always avoid me? Am I so thoroughly distasteful to you?"

Hepsy faltered out something quite unintelligible.

"You never guessed how dear you are to me, did you?" and somehow he took her hands. "I could not see you here at home day after day, so unselfish and brave, without loving you. I think I could help you to smooth your father's path through his declining years; at any rate, I would try. I am a poor man, Hepsy, and you know what a minister's life is; but do you think you could learn to love me?"

Hepsy did not need to learn what she already knew by heart. That night they were all together; and the old man, with his sightless eyes and head all blossomed for the grave, was so happy his joy trembled on the verge of tears. Now, in his helpless old age, God had given him two sons; and before he had not one. He turned most toward the young minister, and strained his ear most to catch what Mr. Marsh said.

"I have got my poor man," Hepsy was whispering to her sister, "and you have got your prince, and Love is the fairy that has made us equal. Riches are nothing, dear, without it; and poverty is nothing with it."

CAPITAL *VS.* LABOR.

BY REV. SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.

It is a common remark that a sophism confidently stated, frequently repeated, and thoroughly stuck to, will with many minds pass muster as if it were a good argument. Plausible phrases that tingle well, and strike the fancy just at the right point, are a capital invention for this purpose. They are easily uttered, and furnish a cheap substitute for thinking. Their apparent density of idea is likely to be accepted as the symbol of proverbial and acknowledged truth. Addressed to the right audience, they are always good as platform *bunkum*. Carefully examined, they turn out to be mere words, often wholly destitute of common sense.

A current sophism of this character we find in the constant reiteration of the natural and necessary antagonism between capital and labor. According to the theory put forth by many, capital and labor are sworn enemies, irreconcilably opposed to each other. Capital is the aristocratic and cold-hearted sinner, and labor the suffering martyr. Capital steals from labor its just reward. In the distribution of profits, capital takes the lion's share, and turns off labor with a mere fraction of its real dues. Under the merciless arrangements of the wages system the rich are constantly growing richer, and the poor are consigned to permanent abjectness and want. Employers are ever crowding employés to the extreme minimum of wages, while the latter struggle in vain for justice or relief. Life's poverty is mainly the fruit of this unrighteous dominancy and advantage of capital over labor. These and the like statements are simply so many variations of the general apothegm which assumes the natural and necessary antagonism between capital and labor.

Now, it is no part of our purpose to deny that capital sometimes treats labor very unjustly; and it is equally true that the latter often commits very grave wrongs against the former. Either may sin against the other; and doubtless this is often the fact in respect to both. This is not a perfect world by any means; and, if in the relations between capital and labor there are possible and often real faults on both sides, then that is true here which is more or less true everywhere. To infer, however, from this fact an essential antagonism between the two is to make the inference vastly broader than the premise. There certainly is no such hostility when capital in the person of the capitalist performs all the labor, and reaps all the profits. In this case the laborer is the capitalist, using his own capital and appropriating all the proceeds. There is, moreover, no law, custom, or necessity in this country which forbids any laborer in ordinary health, and circumstances largely under his own control, to enter the list of capitalists. Laborers working for wages are constantly doing this very thing; and what some do a much greater number might do with like carefulness and industry. We have never heard of any laborer who objected to becoming a capitalist, though multitudes of this class fail to use the proper means for securing this result. So far as we have observed, it is only when labor has *no* capital sufficient to supply the condition of its own employment, and must hence find that condition in the capital of *another*, that the alleged conflict is assumed to exist.

Let us, then, deal with *facts* as they are, and not with mere fancies. It is a fact, ever has been, and, as we presume, ever will be, that, in respect to the question of accumulated or reserve wealth, human society contains at least two classes of men—one class having such a reserve beyond consumption, and the other having none. The great cause which lies at the bottom of this fact, and has hitherto made it universal in every form of social organization, is the difference that exists among men. Men are not equals in brain-power, or in muscle-power, or in the physico-mental and moral habits which stand connected with thrifty production and economy. Such is the fact in the case as it has been ever since human nature began to eat its bread by the sweat of its brow. And, unless we discard the institution of *private* property altogether, and turn society into a mere herd of communists—who individually own nothing, but collectively own all things—this fact will do what it always has done—create capitalists on the one hand, and laborers without capital on the other.

Since, then, these two classes are *real*, let us bring them together, and in their mutual presence study this much-talked-of antagonism between capital and labor. In the first class we have the *employers*—who are capitalists, and because they are such *can* be employers; and who, moreover, go into the market for the purchase of labor—the very article they want to find, and for which they offer a purchasing price in the form of wages. In the second class we have the *employés*, who have no capital, and who also go and need to go into the same market to sell their services. Capital in the hands of the one class seeks labor in the persons of the other; and labor seeks capital in the persons of the employers. The one *buys*, and the other *sells*. Each wants the other, and each seeks the other. Each is indispensable to the other. The assumption of any natural antagonism between the two is, upon the very face of the statement, mere moonshine—a simple and senseless sophism of words. The exact reverse is the fact. Call two things antagonistical which are mutually indispensable! Pray, what dictionary have you been studying? What would labor that has no capital do without capital in another? It is high time that this mere jingle of words without meaning or truth was laid aside.

Ah! but is it not desirable that labor should be the owner of capital? Unquestionably it is so; but this does not always happen to be the fact, and it is with the fact as we find it that we must deal. Take one who has nothing but labor to sell, and you can do him no favor so great as to introduce him to a capitalist who wants to buy his labor. It may be his misfortune, or his fault, or in part both, that this is his position; but, such being his position, then the employer is the very first man he wants to find and practically his best friend. He wants something *to do*, with a remuneration for doing it; and this is precisely what the employer supplies.

But, again, the interests of capital and labor are not identical. Why not? It is certainly for the interest of capital to employ labor, and equally for that of labor to be employed. Each is served by their mutual relations to each other. If it be for the interest of a farmer to hire a day-laborer, and for that of the day-laborer to be hired to the farmer, then there is a practical identity in their interests—just that which always exists between buying and selling. The same transaction, seen in its double relations, may be a good bargain to each while serving the interests of both.

It is, however, said (and perhaps this is what is mainly meant by the alleged antagonism) that the accumulations arising from capital and hired labor combined, go disproportionately to the former, and hence leave an improperly diminished share for the latter. This may be so, or may not be so. It certainly is not always so, since the reverse is often the fact. Sometimes capital not only has no profits, but also suffers great losses; while the laborer receives his regular wages. Be it remembered, too, that what the employer makes by giving his time and using his capital in the employment of paid labor, is not by any means the standard of the wages that this labor should receive. We utterly deny the proposition that the amount of wages should be measured by the profits of the capitalist. Suppose there are no profits for the latter, which is often the fact; and does it then follow that the laborer should be paid nothing for his services? Assume that the profits are 80 per cent. on the capital employed; and does it then follow that they should be equally divided between the employer and employé, because both equally give their time to the business? Not at all. Their relations to the sources of these profits are so different that you cannot measure what the one should receive by what the other makes. Mere power of muscle in the form of manual toil is no offset to brain-power and capital-power combined, which are the elements of success in the employer; and to the advantages of which, having them, he is always entitled. No rule could be more unjust than that which insists upon equalizing the profits of these two classes. No such rule can be applied. The law of wages is not in the profits of the capitalist, be they more or less; and, hence, the rate at which labor should be paid is not to be measured by them. It is not, as is too often assumed, the *main* power in their procurement. The employer is the man with whom this power is chiefly lodged, who takes all the risks of business, and who, after paying a fair equivalent for hired services, is entitled to the benefits of his own business; and whether he grows rich rapidly or slowly involves no question of justice or injustice to the employé.

We beg leave to assure the reader that we are not writing in the interests of capital, and against those of labor. We are simply endeavoring to expose that most foolish of all foolish notions which is forever harping upon the natural antagonism between the two, and seeking to stir up the bad passions of the so-called laboring classes, as if they were necessarily the victims of gross injustice at the hands of capitalists. We see no reason, in this country at least, for any such false clamor against capital. The statistics of savings banks for 1868 in the six New England States, with the addition of the State of New York and the cities of Baltimore and San Francisco, show $339,689,199 deposited to the credit of 1,239,633 depositors. If we had like statistics for all the states of the Union, we should see an aggregate of not less than $500,000,000 in the savings banks of this country. When we remember that the great proportion of this aggregate belongs to the laboring class, we have a fact showing that labor in this land is very far from being the victim of capital. If it has no surplus earnings beyond consumption, the fault in nine cases out of ten is simply its own.

A BISHOP'S TESTIMONY.

BY REV. H. N. POWERS, D.D.

The late letter of Bishop H. W. Lee, of Iowa, to the Bishop of Ohio is very significant, and may justly be regarded as the most important paper on the subject of the present difficulties in the Episcopal Church that has emanated from that order of the clergy. It is remarkable for its unequivocal admission of the dangers and duties of the Church, and for the large and candid spirit in which the whole subject under review is treated. The letter is very long, but some of its most important points may be summed up as follows:

1. The danger of a division in the Episcopal Church imminent. Should it come, the responsibility would rest chiefly on those who pertinaciously insist upon every "jot and tittle" of the Prayer Book.

2. Revision of the Prayer Book, and reform in other particulars, now imperatively required. A thorough re-examination and overhauling of the whole Church machinery, so far as it is man's invention desirable. Due liberty should be allowed to conscience.

3. The injurious and scandalous nature of ecclesiastical trials; often worse in their character and effects than the charged offenses themselves. Ecclesiastical courts appointed or selected by the bishop, an undue assertion of the episcopal prerogative and ritualistic tendencies deprecated. Need of reforms here.

4. The policy of the Church too generally suicidal. Fault of its legislators and ministers that it is no larger and no more influential for good.

5. The duty of other bishops to speak out manfully on these subjects. The case of the Church requires instant and magnanimous action from those who control its councils.

Mark these vast and significant admissions: imminent danger of rupture in the church; need of immediate reform; relief to conscience asked; liberty should be allowed; human machinery accepted at its true value; suicidal policy to continue in the old way; the times require the bold utterance of convictions and decisive action. How honest and straightforward this sounds; how different from the laudatory, self-congratulatory style peculiar to episcopal visitations, ordinations, and conventions. Here is a man conscious that he is living in the latter part of the 19th century, in the American Republic, where the intelligent masses accept a thing generally for what it is worth. "It is our own fault," the Bishop says, "that our church is one of the smallest instead of the largest in the land." It certainly has elements—and for these we sincerely love it—which adapt it for the most noble service, and which, if wisely used, would make it the leading church in the country. It is now one of the smallest, simply because these elements of strength and success have been suppressed by pretension, priest-craft, a spirit of intolerance and exclusiveness. It has not been allowed to exert its power. It has not stood always—at least, as administered—squarely on Protestant truth and freedom, throwing vain traditions, arrogant claims, and conceit of spiritual resource to the winds. The very characteristics which the Sacramentalist applauds, and accepts as the guaranty of success, are in reality the huge and insuperable obstacles to its wholesome influence and advancement.

It is too late to palm off on the American public dead ecclesiastical traditions, and to hope to galvanize a church into vital and commanding power by scenic displays, boasts of antiquity, stringent canons, a narrow and rabid sacerdotalism, and the magic of medieval fictions. A few, of course, will be captivated in this way; but no permanent and glorious victories will be won for the kingdom of light. The Episcopal Church, wisely reformed—liturgical still, liberal in its policy, holding the truth in love, rich in dignified, appropriate, and well-tried forms—permitted to adapt its services to occasions and seasons, and aglow with the spirit and sympathies of Christ, would sweep the land. Are there but two bishops who see this? Do the others really think that silence and inaction will cure the bitter anguish and discords that are rife among us? Are these reverend fathers to contribute nothing to relieve the consciences of devout and faithful men in the ministry, to break down the artificial walls of ecclesiastical exclusiveness, to equip and strengthen a church that shall compel men to acknowledge its fitness for the work of conquering the world for Christ?

Those best acquainted with facts have the least hope that the next General Convention will fairly comprehend the situation, and much less enact the needed reforms. In the majority of that body is an element that cannot harmonize even with the broadest and most tolerant Protestant churchmanship. That majority will not yield to the reasonable demands of the minority. The Evangelical bishops will find, notwithstanding their most commendable desire and efforts for unity, that there is no hope for a glorious career for the Episcopal Church in the future except in a new organization.

A REMINISCENCE OF DR. CHALMERS.

To the Editor of The Independent:

In a volume entitled, "Four Years in the Old World," by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, I find the following passage, which may be of use to some of the more rigid Calvinists in our own land, and especially to those in the Old School branch of the Presbyterian Church who are afraid of union with the other branch:

"Conversing with a minister whose theological studies were conducted under the superintendence of that celebrated minister, 'Dr. Chalmers,' said he, 'dealt the first blow to my orthodoxy as a Calvinist by the following sentence (it was uttered with all his impassioned vehemence, in one of the extempore interludes to his lectures in which he was wont to indulge): 'Give me a village, give me a hamlet, give me a few scattered houses, where the people are in anxiety about their soul's salvation, and I would rather send among them a Wesleyan Methodist, with all his Arminianism, than I would send a sturdy, square-built Calvinist, who is so straight-laced in the rigidity of his system that he cannot present a free Gospel to every creature.'

"This minister, who has renounced Calvinism, and is now the pastor of an Independent church in Glasgow, says: 'I published this first blow to my orthodoxy in tract form, several years ago, and showed it to Dr. Chalmers; when he only smiled at the daguerreotype. The final overturning of the foundations of my Calvinistic faith arose out of the Doctor's conclusion to his lecture on Predestination, thus treasured up in my note-book: 'Gentlemen, I have lectured on this subject not so much for the purpose of indoctrinating you in a dogma as for the purpose of rendering that dogma as harmless as possible.'"

Predestination is a doctrine taught not only in the Westminster Catechism, but, as I believe, in the Bible; and yet it is doubtless often so held as to paralyze effort and nullify the free offers of the Gospel. Such I suppose was the view of Dr. Chalmers. S. H.

Art and Artists.

The possessor of a keen ocular appetite will never neglect an opportunity for the gratification of that craving for sensuous loveliness which none beside can either sympathize with or comprehend. But New York is very barren to such sight-seers. There is very little art but what is imported; and that which is imported comes in such small quantities and at such wide intervals that there is literally almost nothing to be seen that will give refreshment to critical observers. The rich consonance of colors and the delicate gradations of light and shade to be found in the paintings of great masters in art are rarely found here; and at this season of the year, when most of the artists' studios are closed, and Schaus and Knoedler are holding back their newly-received art-treasure until everybody returns from their country haunts, there is nowhere for the sight-seer to go with any reasonable hope of gratification, except to the great show of the American Institute. This, of course, is not the place where any one would think of going in pursuit of high art, for pure idealisms, or of ascetic outlines which captivate the mind without leaving a flavor upon the ocular palate. It is not the province of the Institute to foster and encourage sensuous appetites; but then there are multitudinous objects which are rightfully regarded as the fruits of American industry which may be rendered subservient to that purpose. There is a good deal, or rather there ought to be a good deal, of fine art in many of the objects which are placed on exhibition in the immense show-room of the Institute; and there are glimmerings of taste and genius in the carpetings, the cassimeres, the shawls, the ornamental furniture, the paper hangings, the altar decorations, the carriages, the glassware, the gasaliers, the book-bindings, the silverware, the lithographs, the chromos, the engravings, the sculptures, and the musical instruments. But, after a patient walk through all the mazes and intricacies of the bedizened skating-rink in which the Fair is held, one comes away more wearied than gratified with the specimens of our art manufactures which he has seen at the palms of inspecting. The only article on show of an ornamental character which display anything like originality or invention are the soda fountains. In these articles the ornamentation, which in many instances gives evidence of a superior taste, is unquestionably indigenous; but in the carpetings, the calicos, and the fancy cassimeres there are too many indications of the designs being copied from imported patterns. We wonder that it has never entered into the heads of our manufacturers of muslin de laines, carpets, and shawls to copy their designs from the brilliant colorings of our autumn forests. The patterns of India shawls which have been imitated so often, would prove very dull and unattractive by the side of the rich and varied combinations of color which might be made by groupings of the gorgeous leaves of our forest-trees after an early frost. But a close examination of all the gay patterns of carpets and dress goods in the Fair of the American Institute will not result in the discovery of the slightest glimmering of design which appears to have had its origin on this side of the Atlantic.

....The great Belgian painter, Henry Leys, whose death occurred in Antwerp a few weeks ago, at the age of fifty-four, was honored by a public funeral, which resembled the obsequies of a sovereign. He was, to use the cant of biographical writing, of "humble origin"; but his paintings procured him unusual honors. He was created a baron by King Leopold, and the Emperor of the French bestowed upon him the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. On the day of his funeral the public buildings of Antwerp were draped in black, the bells in the churches were tolled, and all the usual manifestations of national bereavement which are bestowed upon the remains of great public benefactors, were offered on the occasion. Yet he was not the greatest of Belgian artists; but his countrymen were proud of his fame, and the sorrow they manifested at his death was only the natural complement of the respect they had shown for him while he was living. It is easy to understand why Belgium is the most artistic country of Europe when we see her artists treated with such grateful appreciation.

....Mr. Fagnani's character portraits of nine young ladies, representing the Nine Muses, which have been so successfully exhibited in Boston during the past summer, are now on exhibition in New York, in the gallery corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street.

Music.

The return of Miss Carlotta Patti, after an absence of six years, during which she has called laurels in nearly all the chief cities of Europe, has been the most important event of the dawning musical season in America, and, we may say, the only one which has been attended by remarkable success. Her first concert was given under the management of Max Strakosch, at Steinway Hall, last Saturday evening. All the world of art and a good deal of the world of fashion were there, and the enthusiasm—we mean the genuine, not the box-office kind—must have been highly gratifying to the lady and her manager. Miss Patti was a superb singer when she went away; she comes back one of the most delicious vocalists ever heard in the United States. Her voice, too, has wonderfully improved, losing that little tinge of sharpness which used to be perceptible in the upper notes, and gaining mellowness all through the registers. There is much in the pure, joyous, bird-like quality of her tones which recalls the peculiar charm of her sister Adelina; it is an indescribable and affecting quality—moving us to smiles, however, rather than to tears—which of all the singers we can recall these two sisters alone possess. Miss Patti has the assistance of an excellent orchestra, led by Max Maretzek, and is accompanied by Theodore Ritter, a pianist of the classical school, distinguished by the ease, conscientiousness, and intelligence of his playing; M. Jehin Prume, a violinist, with a leaning toward the sensational, but for all that a good performer; and Mr. Theodore Habelmann, the popular German tenor.

....The National Musical Convention summoned by Mr. Eben Tourjee, the organizer of the Jubilee Chorus, met in the Boston Music Hall, on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, and effected a permanent organization, under the title of National Musical Congress. In time we hope much good may grow out of it; but the opening has not been altogether auspicious. Comparatively few practical musicians took part in the discussions, and very few of the members apparently had a clear idea of the purposes for which they had come together. There was some good voluntary playing on the great organ, some pleasant singing by local artists, and interesting exhibitions were given by the pupils of the Boston public schools. Various essays were read, one of the best of which was by Mr. J. P. Morgan, of New York, on the Uses and Abuses of Organ Playing; and there was some useful discussion on congregational singing and other topics connected with church music.

....It is reported that a sum of money has been subscribed in this city to give a series of performances and rehearsals of the masses and anthems of Beethoven, Bach, Spohr, Cherubini, and other classical composers, under the direction of Dr. James Pech, one of the organists of Trinity parish. The enterprise is arranged on the following novel plan: "Rehearsals and performances will be open to subscribers, the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus, and their invited guests, and to none others. No tickets will be sold by the association. Each subscriber will receive such number of tickets (or rather cards of invitation) as corresponds with the amount of his subscription. In other words, the sittings will be divided *pro rata* among the subscribers, and each subscriber can dispose of his tickets among his friends as he pleases. Each regularly attending member of the chorus will be entitled to two free admissions. The orchestra will be composed of fifty-two instruments, and the nucleus of the chorus will consist of 100 performers. As the performances will not be public, and no tickets sold, it is believed that ladies and gentlemen of the highest talent and culture will cheerfully give their aid in the chorus and solo parts. The rehearsals and performances will, in fact, be simply musical parties on a large scale, given by the subscribers to their friends."

....The jubilee at the Sydenham Crystal Palace came off on the 8th instant, with entire success. It was not quite so large as the Boston concert, only 6,000 voices taking part in the chorus. Mr. Gilmore's programme seems to have been pretty closely followed, for the principal pieces performed were Luther's Hymn, "God save the Queen," the "Anvil Chorus," and (Americans will be glad to hear) "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia." Of course, the anvils, the bells, and the artillery were all employed.

....The concert given by the members of Madame Parepa-Rosa's English Opera Company, last Sunday night, at Steinway Hall, or the benefit of the Avondale sufferers was, an excellent one in quality; but such a violent storm prevailed throughout the evening that only about 300 people went to hear it.

Temperance.

William Lloyd Garrison lately addressed a great temperance meeting in Framingham, Mass. He is thus reported: "The anti-prohibitionists said that prohibition did not prevent men drinking; that it injured the cause of temperance, that it stirred up rebellious opposition, and made men drink the more. If that were true, why did the anti-prohibitionists band together to overthrow a law that they alleged was in itself null and void? If so, why did they raise money to carry on an election campaign against a law which worked exactly as they wanted it, in order that they might promote the cause of temperance? [Laughter.] What audacity in such men to assert that the veterans of the cause of temperance did not understand their business, and that they were much disturbed lest the temperance cause might be seriously damaged! . . . After speaking of the baneful nature of alcohol, he said that he regarded the fact that John Quincy Adams, the grandson 'of the old man eloqu

Our Young Folks.

A LITTLE RUN-AWAY.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

WHERE is our Freddy?
Mischievous Fred!
Nurse wants to find him;
It's time for bed.

Cook, in the kitchen,
Busy and hot,
O, have you seen Freddy?
"No, I have not."

Jane, in the laundry,
Washing away,
O, have you seen Freddy?
"No, not to-day."

John, in the garden,
Weeding the flowers,
O, have you seen Freddy?
"No, not for hours."

Gracious! It's bed-time;
Where can he be?
Come along, shaggy Carlo,
Find him for me!

Search through the barn yard;
Search here and there;
Search well through the stable;
Search everywhere.

Ah! search no longer;
Freddy is found
In the gray pony's manger,
Slumbering sound!

CHESTER, N. Y.

WHAT WAS IN THE BASKET.

BY S. H. BROWNE.

GUESS what I've got in my basket, Auntie," said Rebecca Seagrave, as she came in from a walk in the woods, her cheeks glowing like the sunny side of a peach and her eyes dancing with delight.

"Indeed, dear," said her aunt, "I cannot imagine; but, as you went in search of flowers and berries, perhaps you have found some. Let me see."

"In a moment, Auntie; but do try to guess first. It is neither flowers nor berries; but something very pretty and curious, instead."

Miss Celia protested that she was very dull at guessing; but, nevertheless, to please her little niece, she made several unsuccessful attempts to hit upon the contents of the basket.

"A snake, perhaps," she said, at last. "And now I think I ought to be allowed to look in and see for myself."

"So you shall, Auntie," said Rebecca; and, having lifted the lid of her berry-basket a little, and carefully peeped in herself, she permitted Miss Celia to do the same. She saw nothing, however, but a few leaves and twigs in the bottom of the basket.

"I don't see anything very pretty or remarkable," said Miss Celia. "Perhaps your leaves and twigs cover up the wonders of the basket. I see a few checker-berry leaves; but they are now too old and tough to eat. I will put them in the beer you asked me to make yesterday. They will flavor it nicely."

Rebecca laughed and clapped her hands. "You will have to get your spectacles, Auntie, if you don't see anything else in my basket. I will hand them to you."

But it was with no better success that she looked in the basket the second time through the spectacles.

"I'm sure, I don't see anything, child," she said. What can it be? Those bits of twigs covered with gray moss cannot, of course, be thought worth seeing by anybody. I wonder you should litter up your basket with such rubbish."

"Let me take them out, then," said Rebecca; "and then you will see if there is not something besides rubbish."

She was about to do so, when her brother Norman, a few years older than herself, entered the room. She closed the lid again, and called him.

"Come, Norman, and see what I have in my basket."

Norman looked in.

"There, now, don't make a dunce of yourself and me too," said he, gruffly. "That's what you're up to; isn't it, Aunt Celia? Just one of your old tricks, 'Becca! But you don't fool me, I can tell you, with leaves and twigs."

"I don't wish to fool you, and I am playing no trick at all on any one. But you are pretty blind, if you can't see anything besides leaves and twigs in my basket. I'll make you say so soon."

She took out two twigs with gray bark and a few green leaves attached to them, and laid them on the work-table.

"What do you see now, young man?" said she.

"I don't see any more than I did before," returned Norman, turning contemptuously on his heel. "There isn't anything to be seen; and that you know as well as I do."

"Don't *you* see anything, Auntie?" said Rebecca.

"No, my dear, I don't; and I begin to be quite of Norman's opinion—that you are making yourself sport at our expense," said Miss Celia, gravely.

Rebecca screamed with laughter. "Now, just come here, Auntie, close to me, and look where I point."

Miss Celia did so, and good-naturedly followed the direction of the little girl's finger. But with no better result than before.

"Right there, Auntie," said she, pointing along one of the twigs, which seemed gray with moss. "What is that?"

"Moss," said Celia.

"I'll just touch it, and see," laughed Rebecca.

She passed her finger lightly over the gray bark; and, sure enough, what seemed the moss started slowly into motion!

An exclamation of surprise from her aunt and brother told Rebecca that her riddle was solved.

A most beautiful caterpillar, exactly the shade of the bark, was extended along the twig, clinging so closely to it as almost to encircle it in its clasp; while its numerous feet, covered with feathery appendages, so marvelously resembled gray moss that it was no wonder they were mistaken for it. Its back, too, was variegated with irregular spots and patches of deeper and lighter gray, so precisely like the shades often seen upon bark that the illusion was absolutely perfect; and, consequently, the caterpillar, while at rest, had been quite invisible.

"Really, Rebecca," said Miss Celia, after looking very carefully at it, "this is certainly well worth seeing; you have made a discovery that would have escaped most observers. I never saw a caterpillar like this, and I have watched the various and beautiful forms of insect life with exceeding interest all my life. Come, Norman, we must confess ourselves equally stupid. Neither I with my spectacles nor you without could see this caterpillar; and yet it was just as plainly in view as it is now!"

"I give in," said Norman. "But where did you find it, 'Becca?"

"Among the leaves and brush of a tree that somebody had just chopped down in the field yonder. But that is not all; do you see anything else here?"

His vision being now sharpened, Norman was not long in finding another caterpillar, upon a lighter colored twig, itself still the exact shade of the bark to which it clung.

"Well, that is curious, I declare," said he. "Don't you suppose, Auntie, that they may be of a great variety of shades, according to the color of what they are on?"

"No doubt of it," said Miss Celia. "It is one of the marvelous methods adopted by the Creator for the protection of some of his creatures in certain stages of their existence, where their helplessness would expose them to destruction before they had fulfilled the most important functions of their lives. Birds have keener sight than either you or I, Norman; and yet I fancy many birds might be deceived as we were, taking these worms for moss, and so letting them alone, although they would furnish a delicious morsel for their young."

"I'll go directly and hunt more of them," said Norman. "I should like to take them to the cabinet of our academy."

"You had better wait till they form their cocoon, which I think they are about to do," suggested Miss Celia. "Probably they have selected these twigs for the purpose."

"Let's lay them away carefully, then," said Rebecca, "where we can watch and see how they do it."

"I'll fix the nicest place I can for them, and you shall see the whole process, both of you; and a very interesting one you will find it," said Miss Celia.

The caterpillars were accordingly put in a large open paper box, with leaves and twigs from the tree about them, and every possible facility given to induce them to commence their spinning; and by the united search of Norman and his sister three more were added to the number.

That evening, while their thoughts were much occupied by the event of the day, the invisible caterpillars, Miss Celia again drew their attention to the subject suggested by it—the infinite diversity of ways and means employed by the great Author of Nature for the preservation of his creatures till they have accomplished the design of their being; devices so various and curious that the study of them awakens devout astonishment at the wisdom, skill, and contrivance which so clearly show forth an intelligent and Almighty Being, whose boundless beneficence provides for the need as well as the happiness of every creature he has made. Besides many other interesting and entertaining illustrations of this truth, she related, as being exactly in point, the account of an invisible butterfly given by a recent writer upon the Malay Archipelago. (Wallace.)

"He was collecting specimens of animal life in those distant islands," she said, "especially of the birds and insects which frequent them, to send home to England, and had already obtained many rare and beautiful ones. One day, in a locality particularly favorable to insects where he was searching, he espied a very rare and splendid butterfly, which he made a great effort to capture. But, while giving chase and almost near enough to seize it, he saw it settle among the foliage of the shrubs about him and at once disappeared. He could neither start it up again nor find its hiding-place. Afterward he saw several similar specimens; but they invariably eluded him in the same singular manner, much to his disappointment, as he was very anxious to obtain one for his collection.

"At length he was so fortunate as to see one fluttering very near the spot where he stood, and was almost sure of it; when, like the others, it settled and was out of sight in an instant. But, having noticed the exact spot where it disappeared, he felt sure it had secreted itself in some way, and determined to search until he found it. So he examined the leaves and bushes very carefully, peeping right and left, above and beneath. After a long and patient hunt, which had resulted in no success, he was about to relinquish the search, when the slight movement of a leaf right before him caused him to stop and look intently upon it. What do you think he saw?

"The butterfly, of course," said Norman.

"Yes, there it was among the most conspicuous leaves; but it had placed itself in such a position as to hide its brilliant colors, and so to blend the darker and duller ones with that of the foliage about it that he never would have perceived it except for the slight motion it imparted to the leaf upon which it had stationed itself!"

"I guess I should have seen it sooner," said Norman. "Think of a handsome butterfly right under my nose, and I not see it!"

"You didn't see my caterpillars, right under your nose," put in Rebecca; "did he, Aunty?"

"No, nor I either, with my spectacles on," replied Miss Celia; "so that I can very well credit the story."

"But how was it fixed that he couldn't see it?" questioned Norman, still incredulous that a large and splendid butterfly could make itself invisible, if a caterpillar did.

"Oh, it had perched upon the stem and adjusted its wings so that certain dark stripes upon them should come together, looking exactly like the midrib of a leaf. Other less decided lines resembled the veins and nerves, while the color assimilated it to the foliage which surrounded it, and the head and body were mainly concealed by its position."

"So it had changed itself into a leaf, just as my caterpillars did into gray moss," said Rebecca.

"Well, I hope he grabbed it before it got away this time," said Norman.

"Oh, I hope he didn't hurt the pretty thing, after all the trouble it had made him. I'm sure I wouldn't," said the tender-hearted Rebecca.

"He was able to secure it, for the benefit of science, among many other strange and interesting specimens of the natural history of those tropical islands, whose productions have been so little examined heretofore. His book abounds in incidents as novel and entertaining as the capture of the leaf-butterfly. I shall take it from the library as soon as I can; and I hope you will both read it through."

Norman and Rebecca both hoped they might have the pleasure to do so very soon, having their interest in it greatly aroused by what they had heard.

In due time they enjoyed the happiness of seeing all their moss-caterpillars spin about themselves a curious cocoon or chrysalis. The process was much the same as that of the silk-worm, although the cocoon was of a different size, shape, and color. It was firmly attached to the twigs upon which the worms had fastened. After the work was completed, the chrysalids were laid away in a suitable and safe place, to await the next stage of their existence. The children hope to be spectators on that gala day in the spring when they emerge from their shrouds, awaken from their death-slumber therein, and enter upon their new and more beautiful life. Instead of crawling worms, confined to the vicinity of the earth, their chief care to satisfy a voracious appetite, they will be furnished with different and far more delicate organs of sense, and with wings for flight into the sweet summer air, made up of plumes so exquisite in form and color that no human artist can imitate them.

These wonderful transformations the brother and sister hope to witness; and Aunt Celia will surely point out to them the lessons they teach by analogy of our own immortal life beyond the darkness and slumber of the grave.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS are being introduced into Sweden, but the movement encounters great opposition from the school authorities. They forbid attendance, on pain of expulsion from the common schools and seminaries. The law affords the authorities no warrant for such interference; and time and patience will, doubtless, overcome the prejudice. The Methodist missions are very prosperous

Sunday Schools.

REV. G. S. JONES, a missionary of the American Sunday School Union in North Carolina, met one morning not long since, at his door, a bright Anglo-Saxon boy, with a basket of nice peaches on his arm. "I want some Sunday school books," said he. I ain't got no money. Will you please take my peaches, sir, and give me a *singin'* book, and a Sunday school chism, like what you give Dick Walrop tother day in Polk County?" "How many peaches have you in your basket?" "Half a bushel, I reckon." "How far have you brought them?" "I toted 'em eighteen miles." "Are you not very tired?" "Yes, sir," (wiping the big drops of sweat from his ruddy face); "but I don't mind that, just so as I can git some books to study at night, when I git done my day's work." The missionary took him into his house and showed him his books. He gazed with astonished delight, for he had never seen so many books before. A small package was made up and placed in his basket; and, after breakfasting and resting awhile, he trudged away in the heat of the summer sun, with smiling face and buoyant step, to his distant, humble home, where none but a little sister awaited his coming. There are thousands of such orphaned children at the South, hungry for the truth, hungry for anything in the shape of a book, and deprived above measure if they can have a Sunday school within three to five miles' walk.

....Among Sunday school novelties we notice the following: G. T. Flichtner, of this city, has lately introduced into his school, in Wooster street, a novel method of recruiting. The pupil bringing in a certain number of new scholars is made corporal, and so on in regular line of promotion up to colonel, and even major-general, if a sufficient number of scholars is secured. The plan has been in operation several months, and creates considerable enthusiasm. The Lee-avenue school, Brooklyn, is about to adopt it. The First Baptist church school, Chicago, has also had it in practice for some time, and the October number of the Chicago *Teacher* contains a detailed account of the plan, by B. F. Jacobs, the superintendent. Major Whittle, of the Chicago Tabernacle Mission, has a "Guard of Honor." They are under military drill, and are pledged not to swear, lie, or steal; and are not allowed to appear on parade with face unwashed, hair unkempt, or shoes not blacked. They prove valuable recruiters, and have been presented with a nice banner. D. L. Moody, by way of promoting Bible study, divides the sixty-six books of the Bible among as many persons, and requires recitations at the Friday evening meetings. We must not forget to mention Prof. Huxley's proposal to establish "a scientific Sunday school" in every parish. For objectors he prescribes "low diet and blood-letting."

....The United Presbyterian Church held a Sunday school convention in the 7th-avenue church of this city, Sept. 21st and 22d. Our friend, Rev. J. H. Vincent, of the *Sunday School Journal*, addressed the convention on the use of the blackboard. Several distinguished clergymen were present and took part in the proceedings. Methodism and this strictest sect of the Presbyterians are not so far apart after all. It was a little odd, and yet delightful withal, to hear the Psalms of David, according to Rouse, sung to the familiar Sunday school melodies of the present day. The Sunday school and our mutual love for the children bridge over many a chasm.

....A large Sunday school union campmeeting was held at Wantoma, Wis., August 28th and 29th. Twenty schools in the county were represented, and over eight hundred persons were gathered from the sparsely-settled towns on the "Indian lands" of this region. The Sunday school fire is burning briskly in Northern Wisconsin.

....The First Presbyterian church of Auburn, N. Y., Rev. Dr. Hawley pastor, is not only building an expensive church; but is at the same time erecting a mission chapel for its Sunday school, in the eastern part of the city. It will be finished early in October.

....The Hudson River Sunday School Association, comprising seventeen counties, is to be held at Yonkers, 12th, 13th, and 14th of October. Rev. Drs. Tyng, Crosby, Duryea, and other prominent speakers have been secured.

....The Sixth Provincial Sunday School of Canada will be held at Belleville, Ontario, commencing Oct. 12th. Dr. Burns, Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr., Wm. Reynolds, and Rev. Edward Eggleston are among the speakers.

Scientific.

THE *Medical and Surgical Reporter* mentions as an instance of a prevalent superstition the case of an old lady in Iowa who, when complimented on the beauty and preservation of her teeth, ascribed it to having "bitten the snake." She explained that in childhood her father held a rattlesnake by the head and tail, and each of the children bit along the whole length of the backbone, just indenting the skin as a preventive of toothache and decay; and the old lady believes to the present in the efficacy of such an operation. We know a Yankee fellow, about 65 years old, from Pennsylvania, who attributes his complete recovery from consumption, when a young man, to his having followed the prescription of an Indian squaw, who directed him to cut out and eat the hearts of two rattlesnakes, and then hang the reptiles up by the side of the fireplace, and when thoroughly dry, to pound them up in a mortar and take the snake powder in whisky. The more ignorant classes in New York and Pennsylvania have the notion that quinsy can be cured by holding in the mouth a green frog till it dies. The animal is said to absorb the poison from the throat and swell up and die.

....In a lecture before the last British Association, Professor Phillips, one of the best authorities on earthquakes and volcanoes, delivered a lecture on "Vesuvius." He attributed the cause of earthquakes to the action of steam raised to great power proportionably to the depth at which it was formed. Assuming that the heat increases as we descend into the earth, he showed that at a distance of thirteen miles the force of the steam would be sufficient to raise a column of lava to the surface; or at the depth of twenty miles it would form steam of the pressure of 40,000 atmospheres, or sufficient to raise water over 200 miles and lava about 100 miles. The intermittent nature of the eruptions he showed by an artificial geyser, produced for lecture illustration by Professor Tyndall.

....We learned long ago, and none but the lowest savages are without the art—to moderate the cold of winter by artificial heat. But we have not yet learned the converse art of refrigeration in summer. Thus far we are mainly dependent on such simple appliances as window-blinds, fans, and ice-chests. But there is hope that means will be discovered of sending a cold draft through a house in the summer. Already a machine has been constructed capable of producing 9 pounds of ice by the combustion of one pound of coal; and it will not take much further invention to supply our houses with "cold-air" as well as "hot-air" furnaces.

....In his *Journal of Applied Chemistry*, Professor Joy says that a few years ago a pound of aluminum could not have been purchased for $200, and even at that price there were few manufacturers hardy enough to take the order. At the present time it can be readily manufactured for seventy-five cents, if not for fifty cents a pound; and the probabilities are that we shall soon be able to obtain it for a quarter of a dollar. Its principal use thus far is in the manufacture of aluminum bronze, or alloy of copper with ten per cent. of aluminum, and which possesses remarkable strength, tenacity, and elasticity.

....*Appleton's Journal*, a magazine which combines with remarkable success the scientific with the literary, says that none of the brown sandstone used so freely in New York is capable of resisting the action of rain and frost. Even in Trinity church, confessedly built of the best sandstone, the work of disintegration has commenced. It is very common to see doorsteps, window-caps, and cornices which are flaking off along the lines of stratification. A hundred years hence these buildings will be in a sad state.

....Thomas Graham, one of the most celebrated English chemists, died a few days ago.

Pebbles.

MR. SHIRLEY BROOKS tells, in his special column in the *Illustrated London News*, a rather singular story of a bit of meanness and the appropriate revenge which followed it. When the Prince of Wales lately visited Hull, there was a desire to ornament in his honor the monument in that city erected to the memory of Wilberforce. But the column was lofty and not easily climbed, and it was hard to find any one to make the ascent and wreathe it with flowers and foliage. The authorities offered a money reward to any man who would accomplish the task. After some time, two sailors from one of Her Majesty's ships undertook the job, and performed it well. They applied for the reward; but the local officers refused to pay it, on the ground that, being servants of the Queen, it was no more than the duty of the sailors to decorate the shaft in honor of the Prince. Beer was offered in the lieu of the expected guineas, and the sailors drank it and went their way. But during the night before the arrival of the royal guest all the ornament was torn away by the same strong and skilful hands that had carried it aloft. Moreover, a small ladder, decidedly not an ornament to the column, was left sticking there, where no one could get at it. The loyal authorities of Hull could only hope that the Prince did not observe the bareness and disfigurement of the Wilberforce column as he passed it.

....In the Boston great organ is a stop called "vox humana." A countryman, having heard the organ and the frequent mention of this stop, was asked on his return from the Peace Jubilee how he liked the big organ. He answered, "Very well"; but what struck him most was a certain stop, he believed they called it "nux vomica."

....The Charleston (S. C.) *Gazette* says: "Some of the printers boast that their newspapers are printed by caloric power, while others brag of steam. The *Gazette* press, however, is now moved by *African* force, which is acknowledged to have been a leading influential power in the United States for a good while past."

....A rumor prevailing in London that a ball had been discovered in the French Cable, the *Times* city article contradicted it. There is no fault in the cable, said this exact writer; "only a peculiarity has been observed at one point, that is declared to be incompatible with complete perfection."

....Said a Baptist to a Methodist: "I don't like your church government. It isn't simple enough. There's too much machinery about it." "It is true," replied the Methodist, "we have more machinery than you; but then, you see, it don't take near so much water to run it."

....A bluff old farmer says: "If a man professes to serve the Lord, I like to see him put in his 'taters and manures onions as well as when he hollers glory hallelujah." This remark will apply to more transactions than measuring onions.

Current Religious Views.

THE *Christian Examiner* for September contains a letter on "Liberal Christianity in America," by Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., of New York, in reply to a communication from Prof. Bruch, of Strasburg, on "Liberal Christianity in Europe." Dr. Bellows says:

"But, meanwhile, another and perhaps the most significant section of the American people—say a third of our population—have lost their whole interest in dogmatic Christianity, in religious institutions, in forms of faith and modes of worship. They are usually not active and open rallers at Christian faith and its ministers; but real indifferents, and utter neglecters of all connection with religion. Yet it could not be said that they are specially loose in morals, wanting in public spirit, or in any way degraded. On the contrary, they are often the largest readers, the most active philanthropists, the best citizens. And at the present moment there is a strife between two classes of Liberals: first, the class that identify Christianity as an ecclesiastical or a dogma, and is really going back to natural religion for its warrant and base of operations; and, second, the Liberal Christians who maintain the continuity of the Church, under all its reforms and restatements. Which of them shall get possession of this detached and free-thinking half of the people, and organize them either into free religious associations or into Christian churches?

"Our Unitarian body has furnished the leaders of both these movements. Theodore Parker, whose disciples have gone much beyond their leader, must be considered as the head of the Free Religious movement; while Dr. Channing is the real founder and inspirer of the Liberal Christian movement. With Channing the Unitarian body seemed first to receive its life. Dr. Lowell, the father and present God, an imminent Deity, poured his inspiration into our cold and formal system, and lifted us above the dominion of the letter and the freezing shadows of a negative and critical temper. It cannot be denied that Dr. Channing's influence largely contributed to the making of such men as Parker, Emerson, and their successors; and that his own spirit and direction were logically unfavorable to church institutions. He was really a mystic and a solitary thinking and rationalism than for their faith in the Liberal Christian Church. They have been markedly disorganizers and disintegrators of all theological systems and institutions, and seem now to be of the opinion that something better than the Christian religion will be found out. And yet those of this school who were bred in the ministry have commonly found themselves held in it by motives of habit and attachment, and by the difficulty of creating any new organizations with which to further their own earnest opinions. There are, perhaps, few of our ministers whose names are known beyond their parishes who have not been at one time or another decidedly touched with Rationalism; while hardly any representatives of Liberal Christian ecclesiasticism have understood themselves well enough to take a decided stand in favor of continuing the Unitarian body, as one in which liberty of thought and theological progress were to be combined with positive faith not only in Christ, but in the Christian Church.

"It is this fact which renders so remarkable the present revival of our denominational life as a Unitarian Christian church. The Unitarian Church in America, having begun with the spirit to the Free Religionists, or Mr. Parker's school, was pronounced dying, if not dead. Its best and most grateful friends were constantly meeting at its requiem and anticipating its funeral service. Ten years ago its most intelligent disciples were saying, 'It may last out our time.' Orthodoxy was justified in saying that it was in a state of seeming decay. Our theological students had fallen off, our missionary spirit declined. Episcopacy, Catholicism, and Congregational Orthodoxy were drawing off with our devout disciples. We were rapidly losing ground. We no longer dared to call Harvard College a Unitarian college, and at several elections of president the courage of nominating an active Unitarian minister failed. Our men of wealth ceased to leave bequests for denominational purposes. It became the fashion among our rich Unitarians to endow Orthodox institutions with one hand, if not both, while our own colleges were left to suffer.

"Something has brought this retrograde movement not merely to a halt; but has converted it to a 'forward, march!' Within the year, or more particularly since our late war, Unitarianism in its church form, as a Liberal Christian ecclesiasticism, has taken up a wonderful courage, assumed new vigor, rallied a new set of disciples, enrolled many of its lukewarm friends of days gone by, and begun to found churches in new territories, while putting out vigorous shoots within its old ground."

....Mr. Beecher, in his lately published sermon on "Hindrances to Christian Development," makes a discrimination which is important:

"I shall not speak of the hindrances which are the result of the inspection of the lives of Christian men. There are hindrances of this kind; but I am speaking of those that are less unworthy—those that belong to generous and noble minds. The man who makes the example of Christians round about him the pretense of hindrance stamps himself as ignoble. He knows that this has nothing to do with his own case. However other men may be cowardly, that is no reason why he should not be courageous. However other men may lie, that is no reason why he should tell falsehoods. However other men may be unreliable in business life, that is no reason why he should not be reliable in business life. And however imperfect men may be in their moral lives, that has nothing to do with the obligation of every man to live a high and pure and holy life. And when I hear men pleading the insincerity and inconsistency of Christians as a reason why they themselves are not Christians, I know that they want an excuse, and that they search for one. I pass by such cases, therefore, without especial consideration.

"I mention, next, the debilitating effect of skeptical doubts upon the moral sense. There are a great many who cannot accept religion as a mere fact. There are a great many on whose minds are thronging thousands of thoughts. There are those who come to religion from the side of the household, and from the side of their affections. And they cannot doubt. Blessed be that man who had such a father and mother that, as long as the memory of father and mother lives, he cannot doubt. Under such circumstances, whatever the intellect may do, the heart rectifies it. The intellect may write 'Skepticism'; but the heart rubs it out, and writes 'Love.' But many have no such childhood, no such teaching, and no such association. My memory goes back to the Sabbaths of my childhood; to the bright hill-top; to the church-bell; and, so long as I remember these things, and have a vision of my mother, and a recollection of my father, I cannot doubt religion. But there are many who had no such parents—or none within their remembrance. Many have had their whole life's training in the most material elements; some in artistic relations; some in realms of doubt; some in intellectual gladiation. Men come to the subject of religion from entirely different points. And when men come to religion in such ways that they have in themselves no moral witness to the truth, and have suggestions and doubts that they do not seek, but that are forced upon them, there is a certain respect to be paid them and a certain sympathy to be experienced for them.

"I do not undertake to measure such persons on the scale of guilt at all. I am not speaking of their fault-worthiness. I am simply speaking of the dynamic influence on a man's feelings and purposes of absolutely disbelieving a thing, or only doubting it. Such is the nature of things that we live by faith, and not by sight, in respect to the whole realm of the invisible, from which that power is to be derived by which the soul is to be rectified. Once let a man doubt, and that is enough. It breaks his power of believing. There are thousands of men that would be far from saying, 'I disbelieve,' but that do not believe. They would only say, 'I am uncertain'; but to be uncertain is enough."

....The opinions of President Haven, (Methodist), lately of Michigan University, on the question of state and church education may be gathered from the following extract from his inaugural as president of the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill.

"But the state neither can nor ought alone to meet this demand. The highest objects of science as well as religion are to be secured on the voluntary system. Religion and human culture are indivisible; their divorce perverts both into evils. Therefore, it is the duty of religious people, and of all people who seek the highest welfare of their race, not only to erect churches and sustain the Christian ministry, and the missionary enterprise, and associations for benevolent purposes; but also to found and endow and maintain institutions of learning, where original investigations shall be pressed to their utmost limit, and the youth who are inclined to devote themselves to this labor shall receive all possible aid in investigating the works of God and man, under the guidance of men who love God and labor for the highest interests of man in the spirit of the Bible, with an open and hearty acknowledgment of their dependence on the Lord Jesus Christ. As, notwithstanding the state provides for the relief of the poor and suffering, private and associated spontaneous benevolence is demanded by Christianity, so the church must found and perpetuate and through them exert not only a direct power upon the students, but an indirect power upon the state institutions, by creating and maintaining a healthy public opinion, and by exhibiting the harmony of the highest culture with fidelity to the Gospel. The church has always felt this responsibility, and always must. She cannot surrender this obligation without denuding herself of beauty, and destroying her own defenses, and sacrificing her chief strength. The greatest and best colleges in the world are the offsprings of the church. "To Christ and the Church" is the motto of the oldest and wealthiest American university, and the beginnings of its strength were the offerings of pious hearts on the altar of learning and religion. The second great American college was founded by a few Christian ministers, who stripped their own scanty book-shelves to form its library, and gave to it their few dollars and their abundant prayers. This spirit and like efforts will always characterize the disciples of Christ, who must seek the highest possible development of humanity that it may be the best possible temple of God."

....President J. H. Fairchild, of Oberlin, (Congregationalist), enumerates in the *Advance* some of the open questions of theology. Among those which he mentions are the following:

"Revealed religion and Christianity are historically established. Inspiration in some degree and mode is equally certain. But on the questions of the nature of inspiration to the different parts of the sacred record, and the result actually secured by inspiration, in regard to entire accuracy of detail, there is still call for inquiry, and possibly for more exact expression. The doctrine of the Trinity, as revealed in Scripture, needs to be more thoroughly examined and restated. How much of the commonplace statement of the church came out of Scripture, and how much was carried in, is a point not yet determined. The personality of God is a Bible doctrine. In what sense the Bible presents three personalities in the one person is still matter of inquiry. This doctrine of the Fall, in its relation to human depravity, is confessedly an open question. It is not necessary to say that the true theory of the atonement is still called for. . . . Ask the simple question, What is the last reason why I am bound to love my neighbor? and hear the answers: Mansell, Because God commands it. Dr. Taylor, Because it is the proper way of seeking my own happiness; the younger Edwards, Because loving him tends to promote his happiness; Dr. Hickok, Because my own spiritual worthiness requires it; Prof. Park, Because loving my neighbor is virtue, and virtue is in itself the highest good; Pres. Mahan, and almost all the world with him, Because it is right, in accordance with the eternal fitness of things; Pres. Finney, Because loving my neighbor is regard for his well-being, and his well-being is good, the only ultimate good, and must be respected on its own account."

Publisher's Department.

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Commission on Butter, Eggs, Poultry, etc., is 5 per ct. Flour, Grain, etc., 2½ per cent.

Marking-plates furnished when desired.

GOLD ranged at 130@131¼.

BUTTER.—Receipts for the week were 8,605 packages. Receipts are moderate. The demand is confined to the immediate wants of the trade, and there is no speculative feeling. Finest qualities Fall-made State Butter in half-drkin tubs, Welsh tubs, or pails are scarce and sell quick at 43@45 cts. Entire fine dairies, either drkin or Welsh, are hardly coming in; and they would sell at 43@43 cts., and some less desirable at 40@ 42 cts. The Welsh, per Northern Butter Train, sold at 38@39 cts., and other picked-up lots of Summer make State Butter at about same price. Fine September make of Penn., Mich., Iowa, etc., may bring 38@35 cts., and the ordinary arrivals of Western say 29@31 cts., while Old Summer lots of Western are being got rid of at anywhere from 20 to 25 cts. We quote:

Fine Fall State Butter	42 @45
Delaware, Chenango, etc., dairies	40 @43
Welsh, tub lots, per Ice Car	40 @43
Western, August Crop and Old Stock	30 @35
Western, fresh make	29 @31

CHEESE.—Receipts for the week were 47,022 boxes. Exports for the week were 36,650 boxes. With an advance in Cable reports to 62 1-6 there was double last week's business for export, and the market on Wednesday and Thursday had a considerable galvanic action through the interior, in sympathy with the so-called advance in gold. On Friday, during "Chanse hours," betting on the Gold Indicator and excursions to the various menageries in and about the Stock Exchange took the place of usual business, and on Saturday the market was completely demoralized by the absence of any regular price for Gold or Exchange, and there was some difficulty in the adjustment of bills already made. To-day (Monday) Cheese are firm; the effect of the recent heavy purchases in the interior beginning to reach here, and the Cable quotes at 63 shillings, steady. We quote

NOTICES.

☞ By agreement, the Editor's responsibility for the contents of this paper does not include the Commercial and Financial Department, Commercial and Business Notices, Publisher's Notices, Premiums, and Advertisements; for all which the Publisher, who is at the same time Commercial Editor, is exclusively responsible.

☞ All communications for the Editorial Literary, News, and Miscellaneous Columns of this Journal should be addressed to **Theodore Tilton, Box 2787.**

☞ All communications for the Commercial Department, to the Commercial Editor; and all business communications from subscribers and advertisers, to **Henry C. Bowen, Box 2787.**

☞ No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for any views or opinions expressed in the communications of our Correspondents.

☞ Manuscripts sent to THE INDEPENDENT cannot be returned.

The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, September 30, 1869.

THE DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS AND CLERGYMEN.

It is impossible for any man who wants to see religion advanced in the world not to have a warm respect for the Methodist Church. "Methodism," said Chalmers, "is Christianity in earnest." That this is true is proven by the fact that Methodists are among the most earnest Christians. We like to go to a Methodist church; we like to listen to Methodist preaching; above all things, we like to join in Methodist singing. We shall not be accused, therefore, of lack of sympathy with the Methodist denomination when we say that the claim put forth by *The Christian Advocate* of this city in behalf of the Methodist polity is ridiculous and absurd. That journal has just said, "The peculiar organization of the Methodist Church . . . *was not of man's devising.*"

We are sorry to see *The Christian Advocate* laying to its soul such a flattering unction of High Churchism. Of course, if all other churches are of human origin, and the Methodist "not of man's devising," then the Methodist is *the* church, and all other churches are merely sects. This claim makes the Methodist Church just as spiritually arrogant as the aristocratic ecclesiastical body from whose fold it came forth. Such an assumption takes away the chief glory of Methodism, and remands the Methodist Church to the bondage of the self-same episcopacy from which Wesley delivered it.

To say that the Methodist organization was "not of man's devising" is as presumptuous as to say that Yale College was "not of man's devising," or that the Sanitary Commission was "not of man's devising," or that the Freedmen's Aid Society was "not of man's devising."

Of course, we recognize in all human affairs a manifest overruling providence; nor shall we quarrel with *The Christian Advocate* for claiming that in the origin and progress of the Methodist Church the right hand of God has been visibly manifest. But we rebel against any such mawkishness and sentimentality as would seek to put a cheap halo of assumed sanctity around any human organization whatever, whether secular or religious. God's providence presides no more at the foundation of churches than of states. It had nothing more to do with the Methodist than with any other church.

If any one asks, Why should we disturb the Rev. Dr. Curry, or any other pious Methodist, in the pleasing belief that his church organization is of a specially divine origin? we reply: The doctrine which Dr. Curry is now teaching in *The Christian Advocate* is working against the just and equal rights of all the lay members of that great denomination. He says in plain terms: "This theory recognizes a clear and broad difference between ministers of the Gospel as such and all other Christians." Such an idea as this is a heresy against Christian democracy. It is unworthy of the ethics of this enlightened age. Not to put too fine a point upon it, we call it nonsense.

Moreover, no clergymen are at this moment preaching more directly, earnestly, and ably against this very bigotry than several representative Methodists—such, for instance, as Dr. Abel Stevens, himself once the editor of the very newspaper which now arrays itself against the ecclesiastical rights of nine-tenths of its readers. Dr. Stevens teaches (and all generous thinkers in all religious denominations will respond to his views) that there is no distinction of persons in the Christian Church; that all its members, both clerical and lay, stand on a common level of equality; that one man's call to preach the Gospel from the pulpit is in no sense more divine than another's call to preach it from the pew; that bishops and priests are no more divinely commissioned than class-leaders and Sunday-school teachers; in short, that the laity have as good a right as the clergy to dictate the polity of a church of which they form a nineteen-twentieths part.

Standing on the outside of the Methodist Church, but always having a hearty good-will toward that grand body of good men and women, we unhesitatingly declare that, if Dr. Curry's theory is to prevail, Methodism will inevitably go into a decline; and if, on the contrary, Dr. Stevens's idea is allowed to take root and grow, the church must inevitably grow and prosper with it.

Is all the world to make progress, and the church alone to stand still? Is the citizen to get his rights in the state before the Christian gets his similar rights in the church? What a pitiful spectacle it is to see Christian ministers claiming for themselves superior privileges to those of their flock—lording it over God's heritage! If there is any one word which a clergyman should not say to a layman, it is, "I am holier than thou." We never yet knew a church in which the minister was its best member. Good as he is, there is always some one else better—some poor, pious widow; some aged and devout patriarch; some humble saint whom all discerning eyes know to be the one chief, anointed soul in all the congregation. If the clergy of this generation wish to make themselves a laughing-stock to the next, let them re-echo the absurd claims which Dr. Curry is making for himself and his class, as against the hundreds of thousands of Methodist lay members.

Meanwhile, it is a good sign of the times that the ablest speakers, thinkers, and writers in that communion are eloquently opposing the self-complacent claimants of a divine origin for the Methodist polity, and of divine right for the Methodist clergy.

CHANGES IN MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

On Wednesday of last week the doors of this institution were thrown open, and work began for the coming year. Notwithstanding the departure of Dr. Haven, the number of new students is greater than ever before. This is gratifying as an indication that the renown of the university is greater than that of any man connected with it, and that the good ship will move on even without its old captain. We suspect that in the case of all colleges an exaggerated importance is often attached to individual officials. The mass of the people, the majority even of those who intend going to college, know but little and care less concerning academic magnates; it is the academy itself whose reputation attracts or repels. All Americans have heard of old Yale. Her fame fills all the land, even as the waters fill the sea. But not one man in ten thousand could tell who is its president, or who are the heads of its various departments. So we think that the friends of Michigan University are too facile at getting into a panic over any personal changes in its faculties. When Dr. Tappan left, many of them went into convulsions and watched for the university to draw its last breath; but the respiration of the university continues remarkably vigorous and sound, and that last breath seems a long way off. The loss of Dr. Haven was doubtless a serious one; but of the one hundred and fifty men who have just applied for admission to the freshman class probably one-half learned his name after their arrival in Ann Arbor. A great literary establishment acquires a momentum of its own, which is scarcely affected by the coming or the going of this college don or that one.

While, however, personal changes in the officers of the university have but little immediate effect upon the number of the students, those changes are of considerable interest for other reasons.

The presidency has been offered to Dr. Angell, of the University of Vermont; and that gentleman has shown sufficient favor to the proposal to be willing to go out to Ann Arbor and see the institution for himself. He arrived there on the evening of September 23d, and was received with great enthusiasm by the faculties and the students, on all of whom he appears to have made a very pleasant impression. The universal hope is that the pleasant impression may be mutual. We understand that the two questions which Michigan has still to face—the admission of women to her university, and the recognition of homeopathy as a legitimate branch of medical science—are held up by some as bug-bears to scare away from the presidency any man who may think of accepting the position. But the right man will not be scared by bug-bears. Moreover, the right man—having geniality, force of character, and faith in the progress of society—will find these questions in Michigan surrounded by no fatal difficulties. Let him candidly, kindly, and bravely plant himself upon the side of reason and justice, and the public intelligence will rally to his support. From what we know of Dr. Angell, we believe that he has all the elements needful to success in the commanding office to which he has been called and to which, we sincerely trust, he will go.

Besides the election of Dr. Angell to the presidency, two other notable appointments have been made. One of these is the choice of Rev. B. F. Cocker, D.D., as professor of moral and mental philosophy. Of Dr. Cocker we lately spoke when making the first public announcement which has appeared of a work of his now in press on Christianity and Greek Philosophy. Dr. Cocker is perhaps the leading Methodist preacher in Michigan; and for his wonderful gift of expounding philosophical subjects, and of throwing both light and fascination upon abstruse questions, he is without a superior in any denomination in the Northwest. He has just been assigned, also, to the Central Methodist church of Detroit; but it is hoped that the church will give him up to that service in the university for which he has such uncommon fitness.

The other appointment to which we alluded is that of Prof. A. B. Crosby, of Dartmouth College, to the important chair of surgery. Dr. Crosby is the son of the celebrated Dr. Dixi Crosby, so long a professor at Hanover; and, though still a young man, has had great experience as a surgeon in the army, in the hospital, and in "clinics." He is, also, a man of thorough general culture and a lecturer of great success. During the past year he has given medical lectures at Dartmouth, at Vermont University, and at Bowdoin College. It is expected that he will enter upon his duties at Ann Arbor early in November.

Altogether, then, we can honestly congratulate the people of Michigan on the tokens of prosperity which accompany this year's opening of its noble university. We could ask nothing better than that they should appreciate that university as highly as Eastern men do, and then show their appreciation by their works.

THE RIGHTS OF AUGUSTA LEIGH.

The Harvard and Oxford boat-race and the Stowe-Byron scandal have been a godsend to the English papers during what is known on the further side of the Atlantic as the Silly Season. They have answered no less good a purpose on this side, too; for we are not without our Silly Season any more than our British brethren. The hot months, when everybody is out of the way and when nothing will happen, and when watering-place gossip and letters from wandering correspondents, forced to evolve the thin staple of their stories mainly out of their own consciousness, leanly eke out the perennial supply of murders and accidents—this is the season also with us when an event or a scandal is doubly welcome and is sure to have the fullest justice done to it. Both the boat-race and Mrs. Stowe's hideous story have received the ampler treatment owing to the dull season on which it was their lot to fall. Though, indeed, there is no analogy between the two. The match has been rowed and lost, and it must now fall back into the limbo of forgetfulness, which always stands ready to swallow such things up. The other excitement is one that can never be forgotten as long as English literature endures, and will be a theme of disputation, unsavory but unending, to the end of time; unless, indeed, irrefragible proof can be adduced on one side or the other, which shall put the question at rest forever.

For this proof the world now waits. And it should wait and hold its judgment in suspense. For there is a party to the indictment whose claims to considerate justice have not had the allowance which is their due. The battle has mainly raged over Byron and his wife: the combatants urging on the one side that Lady Byron could not have made such a statement without sufficient grounds, and on the other that Byron could not have been guilty of such a crime and then written such exquisite poetry about his partner in it. The improbability of Mrs. Leigh's having been a party to it has not received the attention which it seems to us fair play demands. Here are two women who should stand on perfectly even ground as far as our contemporary posterity, who know neither of them, are concerned. One accuses the other of having committed one of the most infamous of crimes. A correspondent of the London *Times*, speaking of Mrs. Leigh, calls her "a lady whose character has hitherto been deemed by all the world to be at least as pure as that of her accuser." A literary gentleman, not long deceased, who knew her intimately in London, and corresponded with her after his return home, assured us that there was no woman in high society there that stood higher or was more respected, and that there was never a breath against her character. And that there could have been no scandal attaching to her name is proved by her living and dying in apartments in St. James's Palace assigned to her by the Queen, whose scrupulousness on such points is as well known as it is praiseworthy. Now, is it probable that a woman who lived for sixty-seven years with an unblemished name, on which even slander had never glanced, in the midst of that hot-bed of scandal, the London world, could have been guilty of such a crime and no taint of it attach to her life and conversation or her memory? For, though this particular scandal has been whispered about for years in London society, we are quite sure that it was never heard of until after Mrs. Leigh's death, near twenty years ago.

To apply Hume's argument against the miracles to this case, where it may be properly applied—*which* is most likely, that a woman living such a life should have committed such a crime, or that her accuser should have told a lie? But it is not necessary to suspect Lady Byron of bearing false witness, knowingly, against her sister, which were almost as violent an improbability as the other. There are abundant hypotheses to explain her conduct without resorting to that of such devilish malignity. In the first place, without impugning in the least Mrs. Stowe's intentional veracity, her narrative is so inconsequent, and so manifestly impossible in many of its statements, that she is fairly open to the suspicion that her recollection of what she was told is not to be entirely depended upon without other and external evidence. Then, Lady Byron may have not unnaturally have been herself the victim of a delusion. She had passed a very suffering life; her health in her later years was wretched in the extreme, and she had entered upon the domain of old age. It has been suggested, not without plausibility, that this may have been one of the many mystifications in which Byron delighted against himself, and especially such as implied guilt of damning dye. This charge against Mrs. Leigh cannot be accepted as proved merely upon Lady Byron's assertion. Human reputation were, indeed, a bubble if it can be blown away thus by the breath of any woman or any man. Just minds will not believe Mrs. Leigh guilty on less evidence than would convict her of the crime at the Old Bailey.

It may be that the real cause of the separation may not be made known by the only persons who have any right to disclose it—the trustees to whom Lady Byron had confided it. But we believe that enough will be told to clear Mrs. Leigh of this horrid accusation. Lady Byron's solicitors, indeed, do not deny it; but it is not likely that they know more on the subject than any one else. Lady Byron certainly would not have entrusted her secret to them, the mere custodians of her papers. They merely deny Mrs. Stowe's right to meddle in the matter, and disclaim on the part of Lady Byron's family any countenance of her article. And Lord Wentworth, Lady Byron's grandson, says that it is not the precise explanation of the mystery as understood by the family. This was probably all that could be said until it could be decided how much ought to be revealed. And it is really almost as important to Lady Byron's character as to Mrs. Leigh's that she should be proved mistaken; at least, that her reputation should be disentangled from the complication in which it is involved by Mrs. Stowe's narrative. If it can be proved that Lady Byron lived with Byron, as his wife, not two years (which has been shown often enough to be impossible), but a week or a day, after knowing this ghastly fact—that she took to her arms as her husband a man whom she knew to be just from the incestuous embrace of his sister—posterity will refuse to discern any particular difference between the two women. The three will float down the tide of time in one boat. But this is impossible—morally, psychologically, physically impossible! It must be found—if it be established that this was the reason, real or imaginary, of her leaving her husband—that Lady Byron never knew it till the eve of the separation. A suspension of judgment, for further evidence, is as due to her as to Mrs. Leigh.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

The sensational event of last week was the disclosure, first in *The Times* and afterward in the dailies generally, of alleged defalcations at the noted Methodist Book Concern of this city. The announcement has not only greatly startled our Methodist fellow-citizens (who show a creditable candor respecting the affair, and courageously insist on its thorough investigation), but has profoundly interested our religious and business circles generally, as another evidence of the prevalent unscrupulousness of trade and the lamentable relaxation of financial morality. The reported frauds, it is affirmed, have been going on for years—in one item alone (the expense for paper) amounting to ten thousand dollars a year. In ink and printing materials similar swindles, it is said, have been practiced, involving an equal loss. "This way of conducting the business," says *The Tribune*, "has been going on for a period of at least six, and perhaps of ten or more years; causing to the Concern a loss of about two hundred thousand dollars." *The Methodist* of this city (a paper which has no great reason to be well affected toward the Book Concern) insists, however, that these statements are probably much exaggerated; that, as the investigations are yet far from being completed, the public should hold its judgment in charitable suspense till authenticated results can be reached. "The church," it says, "is not prepared to believe that they reveal, as *The Times* alleges, 'great corruption and fraud.' Its editorial would naturally create the impression that the Concern is unsound from top to bottom, *which we know is very far from the truth.* The facts are, as we understand them, that in two departments the practice had grown up to allow commissions to outside parties on the purchase of supplies of material. The result was that, on such purchases, ostensibly made by its own subordinates, the Concern paid the market price of the material used *plus* the commissions. It must have lost, by this means, $10,000 and upward a year. This, as far as we are informed, is the substance of the facts. *The Times* article will naturally give rise to the wildest conjectures, and is sensational and mischievous. The church will naturally ask that some authoritative statement be made."

We give with pleasure this magnanimous passage from *The Methodist*, a paper which has long maintained a severe contest for "independent journalism," and for other reforms, against the Book Concern's official press.

The Tribune, in a second article, gives the following outline of the reported frauds:

"For several months past the existence of defalcations has been suspected, and soon after the appointment of Dr. Lanahan as agent, in May last, the suspicions were reduced to a certainty. It appears that the managers of the printing and binding departments, instead of buying the paper, ink, muslin, leather, and so on used in the manufacture of books directly from dealers in those articles, have been in the habit of making their purchases through two intermediary parties; and paying by this means indirectly a heavy and unnecessary brokerage, as the purchasers obtained from the dealers a handsome commission on everything sold to the Concern. This system was adopted by direction of the agent, the Rev. James Porter; and the brokers who profited by it—to the extent of at least $10,000 a year—were his two sons. The superintendent of the printing department, Mr. Goodenough, was a man who stood high in the confidence of the church and of the people, had held many religious offices of trust and emolument, and was at the time treasurer of the Sunday School Union. Mr. Hoffman was in charge of the bookbindery. In binding, so many articles are used from various sources that it is easy to make a handsome percentage on the articles bought. Goodenough was permitted to resign about two months ago and Hoffman was dropped about a month ago."

Thus particular facts and names have been promulgated in connection with this sad affair; and it would be useless for us now to ignore them. We cite them but as current news, demanded by the general and intense public interest in the disclosures. But, however authentically derived, we must reiterate that the authentications have not yet been announced; and, while no hesitancy, and especially no concealment, should be allowed in such a case, we premonish the public, in behalf of one of our greatest and most influential churches, and of one of the most beneficent institutions of the country, that any decisive verdict on these reports may yet be premature. We are informed that Dr. Lanahan, who entertained no doubt of grave abuses, is still prosecuting the necessary investigations, and that the results shall be frankly made known in due time.

Whatever may be the result of these investigations, the public will not judge inconsiderately the great and useful denomination concerned, nor its stupendous publishing institution. Individuals may be found reprehensible or culpable, and the interior system of management in the Concern may need revision; but the denomination, and its immense literary machinery and labors, will stand unimpeachable before the Christian world. Such disparagements of our Christian finances have been rare; while they have been of almost incessant recurrence in our secular fiscal corporations—banks, trust companies, mercantile firms, railroads, etc. The only important instance we can recall before this was that of the American Sunday School Union. The managers of that institution magnanimously disclosed the whole affair; the public as magnanimously sustained them in the palsiful trial, and has as generously as ever patronized the Union, and maintained its vigorous usefulness unimpaired. It will be so with our Methodist friends in their present affliction. They will have the sympathy of all true men; especially if they will trust the public, connive not at iniquity, but, ferreting out these abuses, allow the public Christian conscience to dispense a fair verdict and honest retribution on whomsoever the blame should fall.

We have spoken of the Methodist Book Concern as one of the most beneficent institutions of the country. It is so. It has now passed any other publishing agency in the diffusion of religious knowledge over this continent; and is now pronounced the largest religious publishing house in the world. It has at least fifteen ably-conducted periodicals, with a circulation of a million copies per month; and they are nearly all of advanced opinions. They were "radically" loyal throughout our late war. President Lincoln bore express testimony to the great services of the denomination in that struggle; and those services may be chiefly attributed to the influence of the periodical organs of the Book Concern, and the auxiliary "unofficial" journals of the church.

This institution is well worthy of the study of not only our public men, but of the religious community generally. Its germ was really in the mind and publishing policy of Wesley himself. That great man early devoted himself to the diffusion of knowledge among his numerous people. He began a publishing house, a "Book Concern," in London. He founded the first "Tract Society" in 1782; but as early as 1749 he organized his whole ministry into a corps of "colporteurs" for the dispersion of books over the United Kingdom. They carried them in their "saddle-bags" over their long circuits, selling them or giving them away to the poor from village to village. "Leave no stone unturned in this work," he wrote to his preachers. See that every society is supplied with books; they ought to be in every house." He wrote to Benson, the noted Methodist commentator, exhorting him to "simplify religion and every part of learning." Wesley himself worked with the pen as indefatigably as if this were his exclusive business, and left his London "Book Rooms" teeming with cheap abridgments and original publications. A contemporary German writer in London, and not a Methodist, expresses astonishment at his immense literary labors, and classifies them as "poetical, philological, philosophical, musical, historical, and theological." A catalogue of them, issued about 1756, some thirty-five years before his death, records not less than one hundred and eighty-one different articles, prose and poetry, English and Latin, on grammar, logic, medicine, music, theology, and philosophy, including even a popular dictionary. Two-thirds of these works were for sale at less than one shilling each, and more than one-fourth at a penny. He was really the founder of the modern system of cheap publications sustained by large sales. Jackington, the famous London publisher, whose "Confessions" is one of the "Curiosities of Literature," was the only man who disputed with him this claim; but Wesley himself preceded Jackington, and actually set him up in business by a loan. His publications were not merely religious; they comprised almost every department of useful knowledge, including brief grammars—English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French. He published a great serial family "Christian Library," in about fifty volumes, consisting mostly of abridgments of sterling English works. He issued a monthly magazine, which still continues, the oldest religious monthly in the language. Besides his own prose works, making fourteen stout octavos in the modern English edition, his "Notes" on the Bible and various abridgments make a catalogue of one hundred and eighteen prose works (some of several volumes and one, as we said, of fifty volumes), forty-nine poetical publications by himself and his brother (which have enriched the hymnology of Christendom), and five distinct works on music. When he died, he left, as a donation to his people, a grand publishing establishment, his "own printing-house," his "own bookstore," which continues its good work at this day, and has been an example to all subsequent branches of Methodism throughout the earth; for a "book concern" is a normal and indispensable idea of Methodism the world over.

When the denomination began in this country, it naturally imitated his example in this respect. It commenced its "Concern" in Philadelphia, as early as 1789, with a borrowed capital of six hundred dollars. In 1804 it was transferred to New York. The greatest men of the denomination have been connected with it—Dickens, Cooper, Soule, Emory, Waugh, Ware, Bangs, Merritt, Durbin, etc., etc. For some years most of its bishops have been selected from such functionaries, for the Book Concern has been esteemed the most commanding citadel of the denomination. In September, 1826, it began the publication of a weekly periodical, *The Christian Advocate*, in which was merged (only temporarily, however) the Boston *Zion's Herald*, the latter being the first "weekly" of American Methodism. From the *Advocate* has sprung the whole series of Methodist "Christian Advocates" now in Auburn, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, New Orleans, Atlanta, Oregon, and California; besides we know not how many in the Methodist Episcopal Church South and Canada. It had previously begun the *Methodist Magazine*, now the *Methodist Quarterly*, the most extensively circulated periodical of the kind in the nation. In 1833 it had completed spacious buildings on Mulberry street, and was advancing prosperously; when in 1836 the establishment was burnt down at night, with a loss of $250,000. It was just after the memorable New York fire of that winter, which broke nearly all our insurance companies; but the Methodist people immediately contributed nearly a hundred thousand dollars, and the Concern arose from its ashes with a capital of nearly $282,000. In 1844 the secession of the Southern Church carried away (by decision of the U S. Supreme Court) a large proportion of its capital; but it has continued to prosper, till it now has two great establishments—one here, and the other in Cincinnati—and depositories in Boston, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, etc., besides other agencies in large cities. It has lately opened its new and magnificent store on Broadway, retaining the great buildings on Mulberry street for manufacturing purposes. The "Centenary Book" of the church, published in 1866, sums up the principal facts of this great interest as follows:

"In our day the Methodist Book Concern, aside from that of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, which was founded by a division of its funds, comprises two branches, Eastern and Western, and seven depositories, with an aggregate capital of more than $837,000. Four "book agents," appointed by the General Conference, manage its business. It has twelve editors of its periodicals, nearly five hundred clerks and operatives, and between twenty and thirty cylinder and power presses constantly in operation. It publishes above five hundred "General Catalogue" bound books, besides many in the German and other languages, and about fifteen hundred Sunday school volumes. Its tract publications number about nine hundred, in various tongues. Its periodicals are a mighty agency, including one *Quarterly Review*, four monthlies, one semi-monthly, and eight weeklies, with an aggregate circulation of over one million of copies per month. Its *Quarterly* and some of its weeklies have a larger circulation than any other periodicals of the same class in the nation, probably in the world. The influence of this great institution in the diffusion of popular literature and the creation of a taste for reading among the great masses of the denomination has been incalculable. It has scattered periodicals and books all over the valley of the Mississippi. If Methodism had made no other contribution to the progress of knowledge and civilization in the New World than that of this powerful institution, this alone would suffice to vindicate its claim to the respect of the enlightened world."

Such is a very general review of this vast publishing system of Methodism. It is one of the most gigantic developments of religious interest for popular knowledge in the history of the world; and the denomination and the country may well be proud of it, however they may be called upon to deplore these late alleged defalcations. It has never before had to suffer any such impeachment. It has never been shaken in its financial credit, through all the monetary revulsions of the country. It has stood firmly through all financial storms, a majestic Pharos, shedding light all over the continent. And we trust the present cloud hanging about its summit will pass away, and leave it as resplendent as ever.

We have said nothing of its peculiar internal system of management. The present investigations may lead to some revisional discussions of that, which may be more relevant, after the pending result is announced. It must suffice for us to say now that by the unique hierarchical system of Methodism this great property is, first, owned exclusively by the clergy—the clergy, in fact, were virtually defined by the Supreme Court, in the claim of the South on the "Concern," to be the church itself; second, its official managers (in its material business) are clergymen, appointees of the General Conference, which is a purely clerical body; third, a "book committee," appointed by the General Conference, and consisting wholly of clergymen, are the only auditors and inspectors of the business done by those clerical "agents" or official managers. In fine, the laity have nothing to do with the whole affair, but to read its books and periodicals and pay for them; though their patronage has yielded all its funds and their donations helped to rebuild it after the fire of 1836. Fourth, its proceeds are, according to its charter, to be used for the behoof of the "superannuated preachers" and widows and orphans of deceased preachers. But it was found that they only interfered with the church charities for these claimants, and therefore the "dividends" are no longer made; but, meanwhile, all the bishops are supported by the "Concern," and thus the whole episcopate is sustained, not directly by the church, but out of this property of the clerical body. Public or popular opinion cannot, therefore, affect the bishops so far as their pecuniary sustenance is concerned. This to practical Americans must seem a curious state of affairs for a great Protestant church on our republican soil. We doubt not that Methodist public opinion will suggest some changes, if the present defalcations turn out to be as grave as represented—changes by which the practical business skill of the laity will be brought into the management of so vast a material interest, and clerical officials be thrown more upon the support of popular opinion.

MR. SMALLEY'S REVIEW OF THE HARVARD DEFEAT.

It will be seen that the author of the following private letter to the editor of this journal gives us permission to make it public. We accordingly print it as an interesting contribution to the history of a race which must have a long future fame. We may add that whatever Mr. Smalley writes on rowing he writes not only as a literateur, but as an oarsman; for he handles an oar as skillfully as a pen:

LONDON, Sept. 16th, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. TILTON:

I have seen few rowing articles in the American (or for that matter English) journals comparable to yours in THE INDEPENDENT of 2d Sept. for good sense and point. Your allusion to me is very friendly, and I am heartily obliged to you; all the more because there have been so many references in other journals neither friendly nor sensible nor even civil. I suppose there is nothing for which a man is so seldom forgiven as for being right. It is no use for me to go on saying I wish I had been wrong, though few things have given me more pain than the Harvard defeat. Give *The Tribune* credit for printing, as it did, all my unpopular opinions, never holding back or modifying any one, nor breaking the force of them by editorial dissent. Their faith in me was gratifying to myself; but I think the public owes them much more than I, for doing an unpleasant duty. Fancy the howl that would have pursued me if we had proved wrong instead of right! They might well have doubted my judgment in the office, as they could not all be judges of rowing; whereas, I never doubted the result, and was perfectly content to be judged by it. When I came back from Dieppe, and saw Harvard after three weeks' absence, and after the change in the [illegible] did think there was so much improvement that the race might be creditable to them. But that was one of several instances in which my opinion got curiously transformed in crossing the ocean. My dispatch of Thursday, as printed in *The Tribune* and *The World*, made me say that the Harvard prospects were "decidedly promising." *The World*, amiable as always, therefore cried out that I was trying to hedge my opinion. What I telegraphed was: "Everything promises a good, perhaps a close, race." But I believe all special telegrams go through the Associated Press office, and are written out there; and whoever wrote them out had two erroneous ideas. First, that it was his business to play the censor; and, second, that he knew something about rowing. He qualified opinions which he thought might be unpopular, and he clothed them in what he supposed to be rowing slang, but which was as unlike the technical language of that gentle sport as it was unlike English. But I owe none of them ill will. One does not expect civilities from *The World*. What surprised me for a moment was that the *Springfield Republican*, which has been very courteous in dealing with my letters, should have written so rude a paragraph in copying my accounts of the race. But I don't wonder they lost temper for once, in the first bitterness of defeat.

Your remark that six seconds did not represent the real difference between the two crews—but that if Harvard had been half a minute sooner at the winning post, Oxford would still have been six seconds or more ahead—is perfectly sound. I don't remember whether I have used your phrase; but I thought with you that "the race belonged inevitably to Oxford." There was scarcely one single point in which Oxford's superiority to Harvard was not manifest. We shall not convince people of this just yet. They will go on making wild and foolish excuses; and if it is any comfort to them, why should they not? But look at two or three:

1. Rowing with a coxswain—or, as somebody phrases it, being "handicapped" with a coxswain. From which one would suppose Oxford carried no coxswain. As the two crews were alike in this respect, there could be nothing in the nature of handicapping. In one sense, it may be called a disadvantage to Harvard, because it required a modification of their tactics, which they ought to have made, but did not. With a coxswain—that is, with 100 lbs. of dead weight aft—it is not possible to pull so quick a stroke over a long course as without a coxswain. Loring knew it, yet started off with 46 to the minute for the sake of the lead at the beginning. To the Oxford men it seemed that the lead at the end would be a better thing to have, and they rowed accordingly.

2. Our papers say the race was lost by steering; and that Bunham could not be expected to steer as well as Hall, because it was his first race on the Thames. But it was Hall's first race on the Thames also; and the two coxswains were in this respect on absolutely equal terms. Bad steering there was on our side, and a good deal of it; but the best would not have saved the race. And hence, though the criticism on Bunham is just, it is not just to hold him responsible for the defeat.

3. That the Thames was familiar to Oxford, new to Harvard, and that it is by reason of currents and crookedness a difficult river; that Harvard is used to pulling on smooth, still water, at Worcester, etc., etc. But, first, the currents and crookedness are matters which concern the coxswains only or mainly; and the coxswains, as I have just shown, were equal in experience. Then the Thames is no more the usual water of Oxford than Lake Quinsigamond is of Harvard. Oxford rows all the year on the Isis—a small stream wholly unlike the Thames. Harvard rows all the year on Charles River—a river presenting many difficulties very like those of the Thames. It is more crooked, and it has stronger and more intricate currents. Ask the Harvard men themselves. They will tell you, as one of them frankly told me, that there is nothing in the course from Putney to Mortlake formidable to a crew familiar with the Charles.

What really told against them was the voyage and the climate. They crossed on a fast but uncomfortable steamer of a cheap line, which gave them poor food. As they were seasick, the food might seem a small matter; but the food often makes the difference between being sick and well. They should have come on a German boat to Southampton. Once here, they recovered from the seasickness; but the London climate, or rather atmosphere, was a more persistent enemy. Come over here and find it out for yourself. You have promised often enough to, and, as you are not going to row a great race for the honor of a continent, it won't much hurt you. It will merely put you to sleep, and will rest your nerves, if you don't give them anything to do. But Harvard settled down on the banks of Putney, I might almost say, doggedly to their work. They had pleasant quarters; but staid in them too steadily—never once leaving, I think, during all their training. The climate, the steady work, the want of change, and the sense of responsibility weighed on them. When I saw them four days before the race, they were clearly too fine, as the phrase is—that is, over-trained. They had passed the point of perfect condition by too long and monotonous preparation. The bloom was gone, and there was little elasticity or gayety among them. You would have said they were going to perform some great act of sacrifice, or to a battle.

Somebody—I think the *Springfield Republican*—insists that the race ought to have been rowed later, to give Harvard more time. What I have just written is answer to that. They were better fit to row a week before the race.

I am sorry to see an English paper copying to-day an American letter, which charges Oxford with delaying the start on the day of the race, so as to row on a slack or ebb tide. It is equally uncourteous and absurd—not worth notice, except that it was copied here. Not a single fact in the letter is correctly stated; and a single sentence settles the whole of it. Oxford was first out on the river, Harvard following some minutes later. And I happen to know that Harvard was not eager to get off with the strength of the tide. Some of their friends had a theory that they would do better on the ebb.

Equally good with the rest of your article is the remark about the courtesy shown on both sides. I think I forgot to state one fact in writing to *The Tribune*. Oxford offered the choice of position at the start to Harvard. It was declined, with thanks, very properly; but the offer was graceful. I have seen it said that Harvard chose the wrong side. They chose the side always chosen. Writers who have never seen the Thames except in a newspaper map talked about the "outside of the semi-circle," and somebody interjected that bit of nonsense into one of my telegrams. Middlesex is the inside of the first curve above Putney, and chosen for that reason. But unless the lead is won the advantage is soon reversed. Now Harvard did get a lead, but Burnham failed to take advantage of it. Loring had an idea that there was something unchivalrous in taking the water of his opponent, and is said to have given Burnham orders in advance not to do it. He was even under an impression that there was an understanding on that point between the two crews. I have not asked any Oxford man, but I am sure he is wrong. No such proposition would have been listened to for a moment, any more than a proposition not to get more than half a length ahead.

Willan's letter explaining how Oxford's lead at the finish came to be cut down from four lengths to one and a half gives the true account. On the press-boat we all thought it was four. I suppose at the last moment we were too busy to correct a fixed impression. Sir Aubrey Paul, the judge at the winning-flag, told me the same night it was only a length and a half. I could not understand it, but took his official statement as conclusive. So did Oxford, and they make no complaint; but their explanation ought to go with it, and is important also in connection with the question of time. Time, however, is the most delusive of all tests for the great Thames races, since the course from Putney to Mortlake has no fixed beginning nor fixed ending.

I had no intention of going into these questions, but my letter has run on of itself. It was meant to be private; but, if there is anything new in it which you care to print, it is quite at your service.

Faithfully yours,
GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

Editorial Notes.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following incident:

"On the 15th of April, 1869, there was a festive gathering on board the steamship 'City of Brooklyn,' lying at her dock in the City of New York. The occasion was a presentation of colors to the ship by the people of Brooklyn, through their mayor. At the table on the immediate right of the captain sat one of the most notorious of the New York judges, whose likeness stands out in Beecher's scathing words. [Sermons, p. 142.] The feast was at its hight, the hum of merry voices mingled with the clatter of busy knives and forks, when the pastor of Plymouth Church entered. As soon as he was recognized, the news of his coming passed instantly from table to table, and before he had time to take his seat the cabin echoed with three rousing cheers of welcome. In the midst of this ovation to the Brooklyn clergyman, the New York judge, pale and trembling, shuffled out of the hilarious crowd and disappeared. 'He started like a guilty thing away upon a fearful summons.' The scene afforded an impressive example of the power of the pulpit in rebuking the sins of the day, and was not lost on a single one of the spectators. Subsequently, the incidental remark of one of the speakers that 'the circumstance that when a Brooklyn clergyman came in a New York judge went out indicated some antagonism between the law and the Gospel,' though it called forth a mild protest from some of the officials present, nevertheless met a hearty response from the mass of the audience."

....A writer in the *Christian Intelligencer* says:

"Boston has of late become notorious for the choice language of its ministers. At the Temperance Convention, Revs. Messrs. Miner, Thompson, and Usher freely used 'rascals,' 'scamps,' 'liars,' etc., and it was hoped *Universalist* ministers monopolized such kind of 'slang'; but Mr. Murray, of Park-street church, seems to run a race with this delectable class, and vie with them in dispensing this vulgar diction. Last Sunday evening, in alluding to such as failed in presenting fully taxable property, he called them 'liars and villains.' Mr. Murray cannot afford to throw away his opportunity for usefulness by such opprobious language."

This writer must have his sense of decorum fearfully shocked in reading some portions of the Bible. For example: "Ye are of your father the Devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a liar from the beginning," etc.—John, viii., 44. "He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar."—1st John, ii., 4. "If a man say I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar."—1st John, iv., 20. "Men of high degree are a lie."—Ps. lxii, 9. "Therefore hearken not ye to your prophets, for they prophesy a lie unto you." We might multiply such quotations, but it is needless. The *Christian Intelligencer*, when it has occasion to express its hostility to radicalism, is not apt to be mealy-mouthed. Why, then, should it object to the application of good, wholesome Saxon adjectives to those respectable sinners who systematically defraud the Government of its dues?

....The Wesleyan Methodists of England do not in one respect imitate John Wesley. He once recommended his societies because of the freedom of thought which they allowed. "People," he said, "might hold particular or general redemption, absolute or conditional decrees. They think and let think. . . . The Methodists alone do not insist on your holding this or that opinion. Now I do not know any other religious society, either ancient or modern, wherein such liberty of conscience is allowed, or has been allowed, since the age of the apostles. Here is our glorying, and a glorying peculiar to us." And yet now there seems little danger of any progress among the Wesleyan Methodist clergy either toward the better or the worse. For once a year each minister is challenged as to his continued adherence to all the forms of doctrine and discipline which he accepted on entering the ministry, and no man can evade that challenge without compromising his honor and tampering with his conscience. Happy Wesleyans! Like David, they have become "wiser than all their teachers," and have attained the last acme of certain knowledge.

....It is not in this country alone that women are constantly getting out of what Dr. Todd and his friends would call "their appropriate sphere." At the recent annual dinner of the Badminton Farmers' Club, in staid, conservative old England, the Duchess of Beaufort took the chair, the Duke, her husband, the president of the club, who should have presided, having been called away by important business. The noble chairwoman announced the usual toasts in the proper manner, and replied to the drinking of her own health with a brief but pointed little speech. Her young daughter, the Lady Blanche Somerset, also responded to the toast of the younger branches of the family. A number of other ladies were present, and, it is conceded, rendered the proceedings not one whit less l

Financial & Commercial.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

(A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.)

BREADSTUFFS.—There has been rather a dull and unsatisfactory trade in Western and State Flour since the date of our last review. The arrivals have been more liberal and have been largely in excess of the wants of the home trade, and with less favorable news from Great Britain and a complete panic and marked decline in exchange the export trade has been greatly checked and we note a decline in all grades. At the close the market is irregular and lower for most grades, excepting for Choice State brands. In Wheat we have had a fair degree of activity, though at variable prices. Our receipts of Winter Wheat have been large; but much of it was previously sold, and we find our stock is about the same as last week—being 683,381 bushels, against 600,000 bushels last week. Our advices from Great Britain are prospectively favorable. We are likely to have a good export demand during the year at fair prices. The exports of the week are 174,939 bushels, against 183,205 bushels the corresponding week last year. At the close the market is lower and unsettled. Barley has been offered sparingly, and has ruled firm with an advance. Oats have been quite active, but at fluctuating prices, closing weak. Indian Corn has been in fair demand, but prices have declined and there has been much irregularity in the sales. The supply of Sound is larger and there is less speculative feeling apparent. The accounts from the interior are unfavorable for the growing crops. At the close the market is lower, heavy, and dull.

BROOMS AND BROOM CORN.—The demand for Brooms is good at $4@$7 per dozen. New Corn is salable at 16@18 cts. per lb. The supply is increasing.

COAL.—The arrivals have increased and the market is easier. Large sales, deliverable at Newburg, at $6 30 for Lump and Steamboat; Grate, $6 90; Egg at $7 20; Stove, $7 40; and Chestnut, $6. Freight to the city 70 cts. per ton. It is selling from yard at $7 20@$8 75 per ton of 2,000 lbs. Foreign is steady and in fair request.

COFFEE.—Rio and in fact nearly all grades have been neglected, the violent fluctuations in gold causing buyers generally to withdraw; and, though holders in most cases ask former rates, values for the present are somewhat nominal. The stocks are fair but not large, except probably of Java. We quote at 19@19½ cts. for fair to good cargoes Rio, in bond; 21@24 cts. for invoices do., duty paid; 23@24 cts. for Java; 18@20 cts. for Maracaibo; and 17@19½ cts. for Laguayra —all gold.

COTTON.—Some little reaction took place early in the week under review, owing to a temporary scarcity of stock; but buyers soon gained the advantage again, and have since held it with comparative ease. The violent fluctuations in gold and the great depression of exchange, while they lasted, entirely shut out exporters; though of late the disposition to operate has again become quite general. Speculators have bought to cover contracts, and a few spinners took stock a little in excess of immediate wants; but buyers as a rule are very cautious. Receipts at all points continue extremely liberal, a large proportion of which is working in this direction, and offered at figures below the current rates on the spot. For future delivery the business is less active and values are somewhat uncertain. At the close the market is fairly active, but not very firm, at about 29 cts. for Middling Uplands to 29½@29¾ cts. for do. New Orleans and Texas.

FLAX.—The demand is fair for Domestic at 14@22 cts. per lb. The supply is larger. Tow is in fair demand and is steady.

GUANO.—A good jobbing demand for Peruvian at $95@$96 per ton, currency. The supply is light.

MOLASSES.—We have to note a continued good demand from refiners and the trade; but less activity, owning to the scarcity of desirable goods, the sparing manner in which those on hand are offered, and the extreme views of holders. The general range of prices remains as before, but there is not much stock to be found at the inside figures. We quote Cuba Clayed at 45@49 cts.; Cuba Muscovado 50@62 cts.; Porto Rico 58@78 cts.; English Island 45@65 cts.; and New Orleans 80@95 cts.

PROVISIONS.—There has again been considerable irregularity in most of the leading articles of the Hog product; with, however, less general depression in values, operators for a rise having so manipulated the market as to gain the bulk of the advantage. The actual reduction of the stocks, however, did not prove quite so large as calculated upon, and latterly there has been an evident desire to sell out parcels bought previous to the advance. Shipping operators have been checked by the prostration in exchange. Mess Pork further improved, reaching $31 87½ cts. in a wholesale way, a pretty brisk jobbing inquiry stimulating the market; but, most of the retailers having become supplied, and little or no speculative demand developing itself, there was a decline of 87½ cts. per bbl., the close showing a rather quiet feeling but some little strength at $31 12½@$31 37½, cash and regular. No movement for future delivery. Other Cuts of Pork have joined out at $27@27 50 for Extra Prime, $30 for Prime Mess, and $32 75@33 for City Mess. Beef has sold with a trifle more freedom; without change, however, on the general prices, and we still quote at $5@12 for Plain Mess, and $11@17 for Extra Mess. Tierce Beef still dull and nominal; though some Western packers have been trying to effect contracts for the winter months. Beef Hams are dull and easier, say about $18@$25 per bbl. Cut Meats without change of importance; a fair market almost bare of stock making it useless to attempt giving reliable quotations. Bacon has been neglected on foreign account, owing to liberal consignments from the West and the difficulty experienced by exporters in negotiating their exchange; but for Southern shipment the sales have been free at full prices, the leading firm at 17@17¾ cts. for Ice-house Packed. Lard during the excitement in gold sold in a moderate way at 19 cts. for Western Steam; but immediately fell back again, and has since ruled weak, closing somewhat unsettled at 17@17¾ cts. for No. 1 and 18½@18¾ cts. for prime City, 18@18¼ cts. for Western Steam, and 18¾@19¼ cts. for Kettle rendered. Nothing doing for future delivery. For October 18 cts. is bid, and 18¼ cts. asked; for January 15¾ cts. bid, and no contracts offering.

SUGARS.—The recent advance in values, the fact that refiners and the trade find their wants less urgent, and the irregularity in gold have all combined to produce a quiet state of affairs in the market for raw Sugars, and at times business has been at an almost complete stand. Holders have insisted upon former rates pretty strongly; but the turn has been rather in the buyer's favor, and at the close the feeling is heavy at 12@12¾ cts. for fair to good Refining; 12¾@12¾ cts for fair to good Grocery, and 13 cts. for No. 12 Box Dutch Standard. Refined selling rather slowly and somewhat easier, closing at 17@17¾ cts. for Powdered, Granulated, and Crushed; 16 cts. for White "A"; and 15½ cts. for Yellow "C."

SEEDS.—The inquiry is very light for Clover Seed, and the market is nominal at 12½@13½ cts. per lb. Timothy Seed is dull and lame at $4 50@$4 75 per bushel. Rough Flax Seed is firm at $2 40@$2 45 per bushel.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, SEPT. 28TH, 1869.

(REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.)

BEEF CATTLE have been in fair demand, but not as active as we expected. Ere the close of the week there were more liberal arrivals, which caused prices to decline ¼ and ½ on all grades, closing heavy. Milch Cows of good prime and choice quality have been in good demand at fair prices. Sheep have arrived more freely, and have been composed of medium, common, and inferior grades. Prices have declined. Good to prime stock, however, have been in good demand. Prices have advanced and close firm. Lambs have sold well at full prices. Swine have arrived less freely; and with a good demand prices advance ½, but closed lower and heavy.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra	15¾@16	16 @16½
First quality	13@15¾	15½@15¾
Second quality	14@14¾	14¼@15
Third quality	12@13¾	13¼@14
Inferior	8@11	10 @11
Average of all sales	13@13¾	— @13¾

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.

COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	100@110	100@110
Good	80@ 95	80@ 95
Fair	60@ 75	70@ 75
Inferior and Common	40@ 55	50@ 60

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra and Choice	13 @13	13 @13
Good	10½@11¾	10½@11¾
Common	8½@ 9¾	9 @10¾
Inferior	6@8¾	8 @ 8¾

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	per lb. 6¾@ 7¼	6¾@ 7¼
Extra	" 6 @6¾	6¾@ 6¾
Good	" 5½@ 6¼	6 @ 6¼
Fair	" 4½@ 5¾	4½@ 5¾
Common	" 4¼@ 4¼	4 @ 4¼
Extra Lambs	" 8¼@ 9	8¾@ 9
Good	" 7¾@ 8	7¾@ 8
Common to Fair	" 6 @ 7	6 @ 7

SWINE.

	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn fed	10½@ 10¾	13¾@13

Publisher's Department.

CONVENIENT STATIONERY.

We have been shown samples of several new articles of stationery for the use and convenience of authors, clergymen, students, reporters, and contributors generally.

These consist in novel forms and sizes of manuscript paper, with punched holes at side or top, and appropriate cloth or leather covers, having cords and bars to fasten them within, tightly or loosely, as may be needed, and permitting any quantity of paper to be used. They are exceedingly well adapted to the purpose intended, and in our own use of them we have had so favorable an experience that we can recommend them highly.

Also a new article for the desk of merchants and writers generally has been invented, which is the best of its kind we have yet seen. It is a mucilage stand of suitable size and form to sit solidly and not overturn, while the aperture for the brush is not clogged up, and yet keeps the contents free from exposure to the air or dust.

The manufacturers, E. Morgan & Co., Springfield, Mass., are introducing these articles to the notice of the public, and we wish special attention called to their announcement on our 6th page, believing all will be interested in good improvements.

CLOTHES WRINGERS.

We have made arrangements with the manufacturers of the "Reliance Wringer," by which we offer the "Cog-Wheel Machine" (cash price $9) to any person who will send us the names of four new subscribers, with the money, $10; or who will renew their own subscription for four years and pay us $10. The "Wringer" will be delivered at our office or sent by express, as may be directed.

Grant and Colfax!

WANTED!

ONE

HUNDRED THOUSAND

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

FOR

The Independent.

The most valuable inducement ever presented in America for SINGLE

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

A new and popular gift, which everybody will want.

EVERY LOYAL FAMILY IN AMERICA

will want this Premium.

SPLENDID OFFER.

ENGRAVING BY RITCHIE.

We have ordered and received from RITCHIE, the celebrated Engraver, the steel plates for a NEW, ORIGINAL, FINE STEEL ENGRAVING of

President GRANT

AND

Vice-President COLFAX,

both the most

Perfect Likenesses

of them ever published.

The engraving of Grant is a

MASTERPIECE OF ART,

which truly and faithfully represents our greatly-honored

PRESIDENT

as a citizen, in citizen's dress, as he appeared at his

INAUGURATION.

The engraving of the Vice-President is also a wonderful likeness, surpassing anything of the kind ever seen of Mr. Colfax.

The size of each of the steel plates is *fourteen* by *eighteen* inches, and the engraving or picture ready for framing *nineteen* by *twenty-four* inches

These engravings we will warrant, both of them, to give

PERFECT SATISFACTION

to everybody ordering them, or the money will *positively* be refunded.

They are intended to take the place and entirely supersede the *trashy* pictures now flooding the country. They will be wanted in

EVERY FAMILY,
EVERY PARLOR,
EVERY LIBRARY,
EVERY OFFICE,
EVERY STORE

In the Country.

Both of these splendid premiums offered to all

OLD SUBSCRIBERS

FOR ONE NEW NAME.

We ask every subscriber on our books to send us one new name, with the money ($2 50), when we will forward by mail

BOTH ENGRAVINGS

postage paid, to any post-office where overland rates are *not* charged; or deliver them at our office.

We believe this the most splendid and valuable present ever made in America for

SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS.

These Engravings are intended especially as a present to our *Old Subscribers*. To all such we will present *both* of these Engravings for every new name sent us; or we will present them to any old subscriber, *not in arrears*, on renewing his subscription for *two* years, and sending us $5 00.

These beautiful engravings cannot be had of any other party. The plates are owned by us, and the engravings will be held by us exclusively. Those who do not wish to subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT, and desire to purchase either of these engravings, can have them at

Two Dollars Each,

or Three Dollars for both—the cash to accompany the order.

We shall register the orders as received, and deliver the engravings in accordance therewith.

A limited number of Artist's Proofs, signed by Ritchie, are reserved. Price $5 each, or $8 for both; or they will both be given away as a premium for four new subscribers, or either one of them for two new subscribers.

Send Your Orders.

Address

HENRY C. BOWEN,

Publisher and Proprietor,

"THE INDEPENDENT,"

Box 2787, New York.

Putnam's Monthly Magazine.

Steadily and rapidly growing in merit and popularity, and a great favorite in tens of thousands of families.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Putnam's Magazine* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Putnam*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Putnam's Magazine* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

The Atlantic Monthly.

The standard literary magazine of the country, with a corps of contributors unexcelled by any magazine in the world. "An honor to American literature." We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *Atlantic Monthly* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to the *Atlantic Monthly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send the *Atlantic Monthly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Monthly.

Always rich, racy, and readable, popular alike with old and young, splendidly illustrated, and worthy of its extensive patronage.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Monthly* —price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Monthly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Monthly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

The Galaxy.

Bold, talented, liberal, attractive writers, fine stories, and every way deserving its high position and great prosperity.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *The Galaxy* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *The Galaxy*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *The Galaxy* one year to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Weekly.

A favorite everywhere and with everybody; and all our subscribers, of course, will order it through us at the reduced price.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Weekly* for one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Weekly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Weekly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Bazar,

with its fashion-plates, illustrations, engravings, and minute instructions in regard to all matters pertaining to the toilette, is regarded as indispensable authority in all "good society."

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Bazar* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Bazar*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Bazar* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Hearth and Home,

an Illustrated Weekly of sixteen large bandsome pages, for the Farm, Garden, and Fireside, edited by Donald G. Mitchell and Harriet Beecher Stowe, meets with universal favor from all classes of readers in town and country.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Hearth and Home* for one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Hearth and Home*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Hearth and Home* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

American Agriculturist.

More than a hundred thousand farmers and others take it, and pronounce it first-rate. It is also a great favorite with city gentry, and alike a necessity and a luxury.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *American Agriculturist* for one year—price $1 50—to any person who will send us $3 75; or we will send the *American Agriculturist* one year as a present to any person who will send us the names of two new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

National Sunday-school Teacher, of Chicago.

Altogether the best, cheapest, and most popular Sabbath-school monthly in America, and worthy of a place in every family. Friends of the young should labor earnestly for its extensive circulation; and, if possible, introduce it into every Sabbath-school class and Bible-class in the nation.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *National Sunday-school Teacher* (monthly) for one year—price $1 50—to any person (not already a subscriber to *The National Sunday-school Teacher*) who will send us $3; or we will send the *National Sunday-school Teacher* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Carpenter's Book

SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This book has now a world-wide reputation, and those who desire perfect familiarity with the beautiful life and character of Abraham Lincoln should have it without delay. We have already given away nearly twenty thousand copies, and are ready to send broadcast a hundred thousand or five hundred thousand more.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and "Six Months at the White House"—price $1 50—postage paid to any person who will send us $3; or we will send "Six Months at the White House" as a present to any person who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Worcester's Unabridged Pictorial Quarto Dictionary.

We will present this magnificent unabridged pictorial dictionary—price $10—to any person who will send us the names of six new subscribers, with the money ($15), orto any person not in arrears who will renew his subscription for eight years and pay us $20. This splendid volume, of eighteen hundred and fifty pages, is becoming more and more popular wherever the English language is spoken, and by thousands it is pronounced vastly superior to any other dictionary in the world. It is worth a whole library of ordinary trash, called books, and should be owned and placed on the centre-table for daily consultation and study in *every family*. Our favorable contract with the Publishers enables us to offer it for the trifling effort of obtaining six new subscribers. Reader, if you are destitute, go to work.

RITCHIE'S

Celebrated Steel Engraving of Hicks's famous and beautiful Oil Painting, entitled

"Authors of the United States."

HUNDREDS ALREADY GIVEN AWAY, AND EVERYBODY IS DELIGHTED.

This wonderful steel engraving—size 19 by 25 inches—is one of Ritchie's finest productions, and would be a splendid ornament to hang in any parlor or library in the United States. It contains a good-sized likeness of the following distinguished authors:

IRVING.	BANCROFT.
BRYANT.	PARKE GODWIN.
COOPER.	MOTLEY.
LONGFELLOW.	BEECHER.
MISS SEDGWICK.	PRESCOTT.
MRS. SIGOURNEY.	EMERSON.
MRS. SOUTHWORTH.	DANA.
MITCHELL.	MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.
WILLIS.	CHANNING.
HOLMES.	MISS LESLIE.
KENNEDY.	MRS. KIRKLAND.
MRS. HOWATT RITCHIE.	WHITTIER.
ALICE CAREY.	LOWELL.
PRENTICE.	BOKER.
G. W. KENDALL.	BAYARD TAYLOR.
MORRIS.	LANIER.
POE.	STODDARD.
TUCKERMAN.	MRS. AMELIA WELBY.
HAWTHORNE.	DALLAGHER.
SIMMS.	COZZENS.
P. PENDLETON COOKE.	HALLECK.
HOFFMAN.	
PERCIVAL.	

The lowest price of this beautiful engraving is $14. We have purchased the steel plate, at a cost of $4,500, and now offer to present a copy of the engraving to any person who will send us the names of four new subscribers, with the money, $10, or who will renew their own subscription for four years and pay us $10. The engraving will be delivered at our office, or it will be carefully packed and sent free of charge to any part of the country where there is a post-office—except to places where *overland rates* are charged. We believe this premium honestly to be the most valuable and beautiful present ever offered by any newspaper for four new subscribers. Perfect satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed, *or the money will be refunded* in every case, and to all persons who order this engraving on the liberal terms proposed.

Grover & Baker

SEWING-MACHINE.

GREAT PREMIUM FOR 1869.

Sewing Machines Given Away BY THOUSANDS.

A MAGNIFICENT OFFER

TO

Every Subscriber of The Independent.

TO EVERY READER, AND TO EVERY PERSON Wanting a Perfect Sewing Machine,

TAKE NOTICE.

GROVER & BAKER'S world-renowned No. 23 Family Sewing Machine, with hemmer and tucker complete, sells for $55, cash. We will present such a machine to any person who will send us the names of TWENTY-TWO new subscribers (see terms on first page), which, at our usual rates, $2 50 each, is $55—*just the cash price of he machine.*

We simply want the names (with the money) of *twenty-two persons* who do not take our paper, and who really subscribe for it; they may be sent one at a time, or all together they may be at one post-office, or more than one—we are only particular that they shall be *bona-fide new subscribers.* On this liberal offer we shall expect to send one of these indispensable household articles into almost every village in the country.

There are thousands of very worthy but poor women connected with our churches who may be made comparatively independent if they can be furnished with a sewing machine. To obtain it, and easily too, it is only necessary for some friend to make a move. A clergyman writes us that he announced publicly to his congregation that they might be called on to subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT, in order to supply a needy family with the means of self-support—a sewing machine. The object was speedily accomplished, and the family no longer lived on charity. Those who think "charity begins at home" will, of course, need only a slight "stirring up" to induce them to practice their principles in such a good cause.

Any first-class Sewing Machine is good for a gift, and possesses a certain value. But we recommend the GROVER & BAKER, *because it is the best;* because it accomplishes the most and the best work with the least trouble; because the stitch is the most durable, as well as the most beautiful; because it is the only one adapted to all kinds of work, and every variety of material because it is more simple, more easily understood than others, and requires no delay in rewinding, fastening, and the like.

There are many other reasons which we could give; but these will suffice with the crowning one—that it never fails to give the most entire and perfect satisfaction.

Persons intending to take advantage of this offer, and sending the subscribers' names as they obtain them, will please state in each instance that they are sent on this account.

All subscriptions sent under this offer must begin with the number of the paper NEXT AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE MONEY.

Remittances must be made by post-office money-order, bank-check, or express (paid).

Address (with full directions how to ship the machines),

HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER,
No. 3 Park Place, N. Y.

NOTICES.

CARD.—John P. Crosby Esq., having resigned the office of Treasurer of the Church Erection Fund, and Mr. A. N. Brown having been appointed in his place, all remittances hereafter are to be addressed to the latter, at No. 30 Vesey st., New York.

DIED.

ALLEN.—At Dover, N. J., on the 23d inst., from the effects of a fall, J. L. Allen, in the 64th year of his age.

This sudden death has produced intense sorrow throughout the Methodist Societies. There are few men who could be more missed in the family, in the church, or in the community. The character of the deceased was peculiarly symmetrical: for in every department of life he was exemplary. Wise in counsel and upright in deportment, he possessed the esteem and confidence of his fellow citizens. For thirty-five years a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church, he was a model of consistency. Liberal in the support of the Gospel at home, he was a leader in liberality for its publication abroad. In his will he leaves toward the erection of a church in Florida, and has just completed his arrangements to go there. But the Great Disposer, who determines the time and manner of our death, designed that where he had lived so long and so usefully, there he should die; and among his own people, where he was known and loved, there he should be buried.

The memory of the just is blessed.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Three Cord Silk Finish

AND

Six Cord Soft Finish

Spool Cotton.

The latter particularly adapted for Sewing Machines, as will be seen by the following certificate from the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co.:

WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.,
No. 625 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, March 26, 1868.

We beg to call the attention of the trade and our Agents to the NEW SIX CORD THREAD of the WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO., which we have thoroughly tested, and find superior to any other in the market.

Good Thread is essential to the successful working of Sewing Machines, and we have always encouraged its improvement. The WILLIMANTIC COMPANY has made especial efforts to satisfy us, and expended A MILLION OF DOLLARS in building new mills for the New Factory. Now, with improved machinery, it has achieved a success exceedingly gratifying to us; and furnishes a new Six Cord Thread which we commend to our Agents and all purchasers and users of Wheeler & Wilson and other Sewing Machines.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Geo. S. Moulton & Co.,

Sole Agents in New York,

101 CHAMBERS ST.

IVORIDE

KNIFE-HANDLES

EQUAL IN

BEAUTY and DURABILITY

TO THE GENUINE

IVORY,

AND AT

HALF THE PRICE.

This material is guaranteed to resist the action of heat and cold, whether of water or of the atmosphere.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

J. Russell & Co.,

GREEN RIVER CUTLERY WORKS,

83 BEEKMAN STREET, New York City.

Sterling Silver

Forks and Spoons

AT CLOSE PRICES.

TIFFANY & CO.,

Nos. 550 and 552 BROADWAY, N. Y.,

OFFER A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF SOLID TABLE SILVER

DINNER AND DESSERT SERVICES,

TEA-SETS AND FANCY ARTICLES.

NEW STYLES OF THEIR OWN MANUFACTURE.

IRVING SAVINGS INSTITUTION

No. 26 WARREN ST.

Interest allowed at the rate of six per cent. on all sums entitled thereto. Open daily from 10 to 3 P. M.

WALTER W. CONKLIN, President.
L. BEVOIS, Secretary.

The First Mortgage Bonds

OF THE

Union Pacific

RAILROAD CO.

INTEREST 6 PER CENT. IN GOLD.

The Union Pacific Railroad has been in successful operation since May 10th, and it is pronounced, by the thousands who have passed over it, to be in all respects as safe and well built as any railroad in the country. By the Pullman Palace Cars the journey is not only made without danger, but without unusual fatigue. The fears that many have expressed in relation to the perils of the overland trip are removed by experience, and the travel is steadily increasing.

The earnings of the road since its opening are officially stated by the Company as follows:

From May	10 to May	31 ..... $391,420 13
" June	1 to June	30 ..... 706,669 99
" July	1 to July	31 ..... 625,859 86

Notwithstanding the rates for passengers and freight have been largely reduced, the earnings for August will be at about the same average. They will be published as soon as full returns are received. The earnings, as stated above, are at an average of about

EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR,

which will be steadily augmented by the development of the Pacific Coast, by settlement along the line, and by the natural increase of traffic.

The First Mortgage Bonds of the Company amount to $28,816,000, and the interest liability to $1,728,960 gold, or about $2,334,096 in currency. It will be noticed that the present earnings provide an ample fund for the payment of this interest and leave a large surplus. We are also satisfied that at present market rates these bonds are a very desirable investment, and that they will advance in price as soon as the facts concerning the business and condition of the Company are generally understood.

THE LAND GRANT BONDS,

to the amount of Ten Million Dollars, were issued to obtain means to finish the road, and are secured by

A FIRST MORTGAGE

upon the entire Land Grant of the Company, amounting to 12,324,000 acres. Three million acres of this land in the Platte Valley, in Nebraska, are admitted to be equal to any in the West. The sales of land were opened in Omaha, July 27th, and 40,000 acres were sold during a month thereafter, at an average price of over $5 per acre. While a part of the remainder of the land is of little value for agricultural purposes, there is another part from which a considerable sum will be realized. The value of the Land Grant is largely enhanced by the extensive coal mines, which are now being worked for the supply of the surrounding country, as well as for the railroad, and by other valuable mineral deposits, especially of copper.

THE LAND GRANT BONDS ARE RECEIVED in payment for all the Company's lands, at par, and the demand from actual settlers will give them a certain market. They run twenty years and pay seven per cent. interest in currency.

Although the Company have disposed of all their bonds, yet as they are offered in market we continue to fill orders at the current rates.

We have no hesitation in recommending both the First Mortgage and the Land Grant Bonds as a very valuable and perfectly safe investment.

JOHN J. CISCO & SON, Bankers,

No. 59 Wall St., New York.

Seven Per Cent.

FIRST MORTGAGE

CONVERTIBLE, SINKING FUND

GOLD BONDS

OF THE

Danville, Urbana, Bloomington, and Pekin Railroad Co.

OF ILLINOIS,

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN GOLD AT THE FARMERS' LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK. COUPONS PAYABLE APRIL AND OCTOBER.

FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX.

Total Issue.....$2,000,000
Capital Stock.....3,000,000

The Bonds are a First Mortgage on the Railway, its Rolling Stock, Depots, Machine Shops, Lands, and the entire property of the Company.

The road is 117 5-100 miles in length, the only East and West line connecting the Cities of Danville, Urbana, Bloomington, and Pekin, on the line of the old Emigrant Road. This section has been justly named the Garden of the West, and is noted for its large agricultural and manufacturing products; also for its valuable mines of coal. The local business will make the line a first-class paying road. In addition, the Company provide for a large through business, having as many valuable connections East and West as any road now in operation. The line has lately been consolidated with the Indianapolis and Danville road, making over 200 miles under one management.

At Indianapolis it connects with the Pennsylvania Central, Baltimore and Ohio, also with several other lines: at Danville with the Toledo, Wabash, and Western, and at Pekin with Peoria, making a new through direct route in Illinois, connecting Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Baltimore with Peoria, Keokuk, Burlington, Omaha, and the Far West.

The Road is being rapidly constructed, all graded and bridged, the track laying at the rate of one mile per day, all the iron and a large amount of rolling stock provided. The whole road will be completed before the 1st of January next.

The bonds are very less than $16,000 per mile, are convertible into stock at par, at the option of the holder, at any time, and may be registered in the name of the owner, if desired.

The stocks of several of the principal lines of Illinois are selling at from above par to nearly 200. There is a reasonable prospect of the stock of this road, at no distant day, selling as high as either of them, which makes the convertible clause a valuable option.

We have personally examined the road, and consider the bonds a choice security; we therefore take pleasure in recommending them to investors as safe, profitable, and reliable. A large portion of the Loan has already been sold.

We are authorized to offer them for the present at 95 and accrued interest in currency, the Company reserving the right to advance the price without notice. At this price they pay 10 per cent. in currency, nearly 50 per cent. more than the same amount invested in Governments. Gold and all marketable securities received in exchange at highest market rates. Bonds forwarded by express free of charge.

TURNER BROTHERS,

BANKERS,

14 Nassau Street, New York.

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.

Office of FISK & HATCH,

Bankers and Dealers in Gov'nt Securities,

No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.

Opposite U. S. Sub-Treasury.

We receive the accounts of Banks, Bankers, Corporations, and others, subject to check at sight, and allow interest on balances. We make collections on all points in the United States and Canada, and issue Certificates of Deposit available in all parts of the Union.

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STOCK LARGE AND EVERY GARMENT WELL MADE.

SOUTHERN CENTRAL

RAILROAD

OF NEW YORK

FIRST MORTGAGE

Thirty-Year Seven per Cent.

SINKING FUND BONDS,

AMOUNTING TO

$1,500,000,

Interest payable Semi-Annually, February 1 and August 1, in New York.

These Bonds are amply secured upon the Railway from New York State, near Waverley line, to Lake Ontario, at Fair Haven, a part of which is completed and the rest is under construction.

$2,000,000

has been already expended on the works. It is a First Mortgage upon the entire Road, the Rolling Stock and Franchises of this First-Class Railway, which by the 1st of January will be in

Successful Operation for 70 Miles.

That Section from Sewego to Auburn is one of the richest Farming Districts in Western New York.

In addition to this, the Bonds are also secured by a

SINKING FUND

of 1 per cent. per annum from the nett earnings of the Company, to be placed in the hands of Trustees for accumulation and for the liquidation of the debt thus created.

The avails of the Bonds now offered for sale, will be devoted to the construction of the Road from Owego to the State Line to the completion of the Road from Auburn north to Lake Ontario, to the erection of necessary buildings, and to the purchase of additional Rolling Stock for the proper equipment of the Road.

The Avails of the Bonds will be Amply to Complete and Thoroughly Equip the Entire Line.

THE BONDS HAVE

THIRTY YEARS TO RUN,

From August 1st 1869, and will pay

Seven Per Cent.

Semi-Annually, on February 1st and August 1st.

FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS OF THE LOAN HAVE ALREADY BEEN NEGOTIATED.

The undersigned now offer the balance of

$1,100,000

at 87½ and Accrued Interest.

At their present price they will pay nearly NINE PER CENT.

Pamphlets and Maps, giving full information, will be sent on application.

Vermilye & Co.,

BANKERS,

16 & 18 Nassau Street, New York.

$500,000

FIRST MORTGAGE 30-YEAR

7 PER CENT. BONDS

OF THE

SAVANNAH AND CHARLESTON

RAILROAD COMPANY.

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN NEW YORK.

These Bonds were authorized by special act of Assembly of South Carolina, March 23, 1869, and are secured by a first mortgage on the road, including its outfit and equipment. The Trustees are James Robb, of New York, William Aiken and George W. Williams, of South Carolina.

This road is 105 miles in length, connecting the cities of Savannah and Charleston, and is an important link of through travel from the North to Georgia, Florida, and the Gulf States. Eighty miles of the line are already in operation, and the whole road will be in complete running order by the first of December.

This loan is at the rate of only $5,000 per mile, which is less than the cost of the iron, and is a first-class security in every respect.

These bonds are offered for the present at

EIGHTY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

CONDICT, JENNINGS & CO.,
Bankers, 30 Broad street, New York;
or O. E. WOOD, No. 25 Nassau st.

George Opdyke & Co

BANKERS,

NO. 25 NASSAU STREET,

offer for sale the following desirable securities:

NEW YORK, OSWEGO, AND MIDLAND RAILROAD first mortgage 7 per cent. bonds, free of Government tax, principal and interest payable in gold. Price par and accrued interest in currency.

MOBILE AND MONTGOMERY RAILROAD, first mortgage, 8 per cent. bonds. Price 85 and accrued interest.

MISSOURI VALLEY RAILROAD, first mortgage 7 per cent, GOLD BONDS. Price 92½ and accrued interest in currency.

BONDS of the COUNTY OF LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, 10 per cent., free of tax, strongly guaranteed. Price par and accrued interest.

Also 7 per cent. BONDS of CITY OF OSWEGO.

The attention of investors is invited to these well-secured Bonds, and upon application full information will be furnished.

John J. Cisco & Son,

BANKERS,

No. 59 Wall st., New York,

(Brown Brothers & Co.'s Building.)

RECEIVE MONEY ON DEPOSIT, IN GOLD, COIN, OR CURRENCY, and allow interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum on daily balances, subject to check at sight.

Issue Certificates of Deposit, bearing *four per cent.* interest, payable on demand.

Negotiate Loans

Execute promptly orders for the purchase and sale of Gold.

Buy and Sell Government and other Securities on commission.

Make collections on all parts of the United States and Canada.

REMOVAL.

U. S. Trust Company

REMOVED TO

49 WALL STREET,

FIRST FLOOR.

Capital and Surplus - - - $2,000,000.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS,

which may be made and withdrawn at any time, and will be entitled to interest for the whole time they may remain with the Company.

JOHN A. STEWART, President.

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DANIE

The Independent.

NO TRUE RELIGION, NOR REVELATION, WITHOUT REDEMPTION.

BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

EVER since Pilate's ill-timed jest in the presence of Him who was the Way, the Truth, and the Life, men, like moths, have been playing with the question, What is Truth? and flying full into the flame of this candle, to be burned, instead of living the life designed for them of God in the air and the sunlight. Men flee from the sunlight of the Gospels of the Old and New Testaments, and plunge into the firelights even of extinct and smouldering heathen mythologies, exclaiming, Here is Truth! What need we any further testimony? Men leave Christ for Confucius, even by a kiss.

MAX MÜLLER'S CHIPS are good to boil the camp-kettle of a hunter, to stay his appetite, and keep him alive on an endless search after what can never be found—a true religion not revealed from Heaven. They are essays to secure the trail for one's researches through the wilderness of past ages, by notching the trees and dropping ashes where savages have gone before. But nowhere can one say, Here is something Divine that came to man not out of a Divine revelation; here is absolute truth; here is what answers to the yearnings and demands of reason, and of the heart for a Divine religion—not of man's invention or guessing, but of God's giving out of Heaven, God's disclosure for man's redemption. For the indispensable requisite of a true religion is this quality of redemption, nothing less. Anything lower than that never came from Heaven, never saw the light of God's day.

To lead men on a wild pilgrimage after uncertainties were not worth the interposition of Heaven. To set men toiling upward on the infinite corkscrew whirl of Hindoo metaphysical speculations of absorption in a nonentical infinite is not the work of a revelation of positive truth from the Creator and the Father of Spirits, the God of the Spirits of all flesh—a Father to his children, that he may bring them to himself. To this end he hath not only borne them and borne with them, but hath provided a redemption for them. He hath taught them to desire a better country—that is, a heavenly; and hath revealed the nature, the certainty, and the means of its possession. He hath provided for them a city; and, having done this, God is not *ashamed* to be called their God, having so clearly and worthily revealed himself to them that they can with utmost clearness and certainty glory in his friendship and love.

We ask of all religions in the world, and we have a right to ask, Where is your Saviour? Nature tells us of God the Creator, and our own intuitive conscience tells us of sin. But that is not religion; that brings us not back to God; that saves us not. The knowledge of God cannot save us, nor can systems of ethics save us, nor hymns celebrating the divine attributes. Nothing is a true religion, however much of God there may be in it, and however much of a wise and lofty morality, that does not bring to us salvation, that does not proclaim for us a Saviour. This no Buddha ever did, nor Confucius, nor Zoroaster, nor Socrates, nor Plato, nor Rig-Veda, nor Zend-Avesta, nor Orphir, nor Indian hymnology or philosophy. Christianity is the only religion that ever did this; but with this is the only true religion, and at once proves itself from God. It will not, cannot stoop to a comparison with other religions, except in the manner of Paul in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Corinthians, "Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" or in his address to the Athenians, "Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you"; or exclusively, sweepingly, "The things which the Gentiles sacrifice they sacrifice to devils, and not to God." But to us there is only one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him.

This somewhat pretentious science of comparative mythologies, and of religions comparative national and race anatomies, is by no means new; but, at least, as old as Paul's Epistle to the Romans. But in that Epistle there is no tone of doubt in regard either to Christianity being the only true religion, or any other than Christianity being utterly false; or, if any remnant of truth retained in it, the corruption of truth, truth held or imprisoned in unrighteousness; so held as by its means to make the error and the corruption more powerful; just as robbers and murderers will hold for ransom some rich prisoner whom they have captured, and whom they threaten to put to death unless they be themselves treated as honest people and largely paid for taking care of him. So they are respected out of fear. The tares of error are preserved, and must be considered as possible or probable truth, and by no means extirpated or pronounced injurious; lest, if you undertake to root up the tares, you root up also the wheat with them.

By some of these critics Moses and Confucius, Buddha and Christ are compared together, as if there were really some similarity between them, and some ground of examination into their respective and relative claims as teachers of mankind, their title-deeds to human veneration in all ages. The old prejudice against a revealed authoritative religion, infallible as the voice of God, and necessary as disclosing the only ground of our salvation, is at the bottom of every such comparison. There has been but one religion, and one religious teacher ever in the world, and there never will be any other; one God, and one Mediator between God and man. Moses acknowledged himself as being merely the forerunner of the greater Prophet to come; a commissioned agent of the Divine Being in establishing a system of ceremonies, which was to be a standing prediction, a daily, hourly voice of God; for more than a thousand years, a prophetic altar, speaking by the blood of every slain victim. But there never has been anything of this in any other form of religion, or in any establishment by any teacher on earth, apart from the Revelation in the Old and New Testaments. The burden of the Old Testament was God's method of taking away sin. Let the world know that, and it is God's offer of salvation. Let the world be brought to accept that, and it is salvation.

But it is not possible for the blood of bulls and goats to take away sin. This is the voice of God in the New Testament through an inspired apostle, interpreting the Old. If so, then it is not possible that God should ever have taught that it was. But the Mosaic law did so teach, unless it taught the truth of God's forgiving grace through an atoning sacrifice, of which the law was but the type addressed to faith. The blood of atonement was nothing but the blood of animals, if those who were sprinkled by it, and who trusted in it, were not taught its ulterior meaning. But they were. What *did* it teach, if it did *not* teach faith in the forgiving mercy of God through a Saviour to come?

Either this teaching, or that other impossible teaching, that the blood of bulls and of goats could take away sin. But it certainly did teach forgiveness through a Saviour to come. And the significance and obligation of those ceremonial rites depended for their being understood upon some just knowledge and sense of sin against God. Whatsoever the Holy Ghost signified by these preliminary atoning services previous to the Gospel of Christ, they would have been all and utterly in vain for a people that had no divine revelation, or no knowledge by such revelation of a future state.

For what is sin to a creature who has no idea of a soul, a spiritual nature, no knowledge of immortality, no idea of eternity as an existence to come, no idea of an eternal responsibility to God, no idea of God as the Father of Spirits? The Father of Spirits! Could he be such, and yet leave his spirit children without the knowledge of their permanent relationship to him? and give a revelation of observances to be performed through all their life-time, as essential to their welfare, yet without known relation to the immortality of the soul? Would such a revelation be any better than the priestly system of the Egyptians? Does not our idea of God require from him a revelation concerning our future existence, how definite we cannot say, but without that disclosure useless?

What is sin to one to whom death is the annihilation of his being, and of course to him the annihilation of God and of all moral relations? What is sin to one for whom there are no relations possible of right or wrong extending beyond the to-day or to-morrow of the dream of time? How can conscience be trained or taught with any sensibility toward the judgment of a God whom it is never to see or know, or have any permanent relations with him either morally or materially? Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.

An animal can have no conscience. A soul without immortality is but a machine co-operative with that of the body, is but the main-spring of the body, with no more place for conscience than the body itself, and no more congruity with conscience than conscience with the mastication of the jaws or the digestive work of the stomach.

A service consisting only in meats and drinks and divers washings and carnal ordinances imposed until the time of reformation, and looking to the coming of Christ who himself would be in that time the way, the truth, the life—such a service, separated from its end, its divine eternal purpose and meaning not made known, could have no moral significance, efficacy, or power.

Would God be a mere Ritualist? Those diverse observances were but as the hands on the dial-plate pointing to God's time; but, if there had been no revelation, and therefore no knowledge of God's time, then no hands, or none that had anything to do with a conscience. Expediency for an insect, nothing better. Do as the priest tells you, or you are doomed. Do this and that according to rule, and you keep your membership in the congregation; break it, and you are accursed from the congregation. Do this and that, and you live. Refuse it, and you die. No conscience there, but only this of the machine. Keep your wheels in running order, or the machine stops. Only a conscience of expediency in eating and drinking. Eat bread and drink water, and you live; eat arsenic, or refuse to eat at all, and your machine stops—you die. There is no conscience in all that any more than in water running in a mill-race, or in the action of light upon a photograph. Conscience regards immortality and God; and, if either be left out, conscience loses its sanction, and becomes a thing of mere expediency—pounds, shillings, pence, weight and space in a moment of time; but no eternity, no spirituality, no tribunal for the soul, no judgment, no penalty.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY E. VAN SANTVOORD.

God might have made no gentle flowers
To beautify this world of ours,
And scatter on the summer air
Their wondrous perfumes everywhere.

Instead of skies of lovely blue,
They might have been some gloomy hue,
As though they were a constant frown,
On us in anger looking down.

The grass, now of a pleasant green,
With starry dandelions between,
God could have given some color bright,
Too dazzling to our feeble sight.

And he who sends no gift in vain
Could make mere avenues of pain
Each delicate and subtle sense,
By breath of His omnipotence.

If He had spok'n one little word,
Nor air had thrilled with song of bird,
Nor butterfly with wings so bright
Had sported in the golden light;

And all the pleasant sights and sounds
With which this love-crowned earth abounds
Our eyes, alas! had never seen,
Nor ears had heard: it *might* have been!

CAPE COD.

BY REV. JOHN W. DODGE.

HIGHLAND LIGHT, TRURO, MASS., }
September 10th, 1869. }

WE are at the extreme northeastern point of Cape Cod, on a bold bluff rising a hundred and thirty feet above the waves. The land gradually ascends from the main road to the lighthouse, which stands a few rods from the brink, hiding the ocean from view. Drop your eyes as you approach, and, when within a few feet of the edge, suddenly lift them to the horizon. The prospect is magnificent beyond description. You are in mid-air, between sky and ocean; and for a moment the grandeur of the scene thrills you to the center of your being. There is nothing to impair the sense of boundlessness. You lose your self-consciousness for the time in the deep sympathy with Nature in her sublimest aspect. The impression is one to be sacredly treasured for a life-time. I am told that the ocean view from this spot is unequaled by any other on the globe; and I can believe it. It was about four o'clock yesterday afternoon, after a fatiguing drive through the sand, when we reached the Headlands. A terrific gale from the south had swept along this coast the night before; but it wreaked its vengeance for once upon the land rather than the sea. Very little commotion was apparent on the water. The surf was breaking in snowy foam down below on the sandy beach, and the spray was blown back and tossed lightly into the air by the west wind from the shore. The light green of the nearer waves shaded off into dark blue, deepening to the horizon's edge. White clouds floating above cast long purple shadows in the distance, which looked as if they might have been schools of fish; while here and there rapid gusts ruffled and chafed the swelling surface as the zephyrs played upon it with wild caprice of freedom. Few vessels had ventured out since the storm. We saw two top-sail schooners plowing their way toward the south about a mile from the shore, leaving a clear white wake behind them; and in the distance a brig was bearing up toward Boston. This morning we can count fifty sails at once, and among them long tapering pennants of steam fading into fleecy clouds.

The trend of the shore to the right is nearly due south, and you may walk for twenty-eight miles without meeting creek or bay. Thoreau spent nearly three weeks here a few years ago, ranging over the country on foot, taking Nature in her wildest and dreariest moods. His book must not be regarded as a fair picture of Cape Cod. It was the ocean he came to see; all else is by the way. He was at home on a wild moor or desolate beach in a storm; and the more dreary the better. The backside of Cape Cod was a sort of paradise to him.

Before leaving this spot, of course, we visited the lighthouse. There is always something weird and unearthly to us about a lighthouse in a lonely place by the sea. It peers out upon you over the brow of the cliff, as you wander along the shore, as if it held watch and ward over this wild region. Longfellow has caught the spirit of this very spot:

"Like the great giant, Christopher, it stands
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
The night-hag's-urtaken mariner to save.

"'Sail on,' it says, 'sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer un to man.'"

The view from the top of the tower is no better than that from its base. But the light itself is a thing of beauty. It is one of the first order of the Fresnel lights, and can be seen by the mariner thirty-five miles at sea. The spindle on which it rests is sixty-five feet above the ground, and about two hundred feet above the level of the sea. The lens apparatus is six feet in diameter and nine feet high. It is well-known that the advantage of the Fresnel system is that prismatic lenses are so constructed and arranged that all the light is refracted to the horizon—or, to speak accurately, with a loss of only one-twentieth from refraction; while one-half was lost by the old method of reflection. The lamp is placed in the center, with a burner three-and-a-half inches in diameter, giving a flame four-and-a-half inches high, with four concentric wicks. To prevent the melting of the burner, and the consuming of the wicks by the fierce heat, four small pumps supply oil enough to bathe the wicks and keep them cool. The clock-work for this purpose has to be wound up once every hour during the night. The perfection of this system may be inferred from the fact that for forty years since its invention no important improvement has been made upon it. Who can tell what a blessing it has proved on this stormy coast? The Boston and Cape Cod Marine Telegraph Company have an office established here, to report passing vessels or wrecks that may occur here.

This whole region is of great interest to the geologist. The evidences of diluvial action in the town of Truro are very marked. The surface of the country looks as if it had been swept over by vast currents of water, forming lines of conical hills running across the cape. The sea is wearing away the outside at the rate of about six feet a year; but it is being deposited again at Chatham in the form of a long low reef, and along the inside in Truro and Wellfleet. Provincetown is situated on the inside of the curve formed by a semi-circular range of sand-hills, that leave scarcely room enough for one street on the water's edge; but here are nearly five thousand inhabitants, with a harbor capable of sheltering three thousand vessels at safe anchorage. This spot is famous as the first anchoring place of the "Mayflower," November, 11th, 1620 Old Style. A fine building has been erected on the summit of the hill, from which they took their first view. We went up to the cupola, a fine clear morning, and could imagine somewhat how the prospect must have looked to them. The Cape was well wooded then; but it has been cut off since, and has a very barren appearance. One can follow the shore of the bay throughout its whole extent and as far up the coast as the highlands of Marshfield. On Burial Hill, at Plymouth, about twenty-five miles distant, we have seen this very building in a clear atmosphere, and counted the white sails in the harbor behind it. Right across the harbor, in Truro, a church has for many years marked the hill where the first company of pioneers landed to take a second view of the country before them. With the pastor of the church—a genial man, brought up among the hills of Berkshire—we ascended to the belfry of the old meeting-house, and looked down on the parish where he has been laboring for almost twenty years. It was a lonesome sensation that came over us as we thought of a life-work among those wastes. But you will not find a brighter home than his in all New England, nor a pastor better answering to Chaucer's picture:

"Wide lies his parish and his houses far asunder;
But he neglected nought for either rain or thunder
In sickness and in mischief to visite
The farthest in his parish, moche and lite."

And, by the way, this quotation reminds me of the new poet that has just risen above the Eastern horizon. Cape Cod has a genuine poet of her own. Dr. T. N. Stone, of Wellfleet, has just sent out a handsome volume of poems, printed at the Riverside Press, and dedicated to the sons and daughters of Cape Cod in every state of our broad land and every sea of our broader earth. It has the breath of the sea in its pages, as you may guess from a glance at some of the titles of the poems—such as "Neptune's Vow" (a vow to sweep away every bridge that might be built between Truro and Provincetown—which he kept till the dyke was built), "The Rhyme of the Ancient Fisherman," "The Pilgrim's Pot of Clams," "The Fisher's Widow," "A Sandhill Reverie," etc. Let me give a specimen from "The Sons of old Cape Cod":

"There's richer soil, more verdant hills,
And prairies waving green,
Yet still we love the golden sand,
We love the ocean sheen.
* * * * * * *
"We lift the Pilgrim's war-cry still:
'For freedom and for God.'
And wear as proudest title yet
'The Sons of old Cape Cod.'"

In no part of the country do you find a population more purely American, and nowhere does the tourist meet with a more amiable specimen of American character than here upon the sea-girt shores of the Cape, whose natural barrenness has been transformed by its influence into a garden of delights. Whether the benign influences of the sea, like the tempering of the winds that fan its shores, have softened and mellowed the tempers of the people, or a seafaring life has brought them into contact with all nationalities, and engendered a broad charity toward all, or whether a little larger ingredient of kindliness was dropped into the original composition, it is everywhere admitted that the genial element is strikingly predominant in the character of its society; while home comfort, neighborly fellowship, and general hospitality to the stranger make Cape Cod a kind of social Elysium to her own people.

But, notwithstanding all its wonders, the tide of transit has not yet set in this direction, and President Grant left it out of his route in his visitation of Northern watering-places. But the resources of the Cape are to be developed. The railroad now reaching to the elbow will be extended to the finger's end. A first-class hotel will be erected near the Highland Light, and the beautiful harbor of Provincetown will be gay with the flags and pennons of pleasure-yachts; for to the real lover of salt-water pleasures of every kind there is no part of our Atlantic coast that offers advantages equal to those on the shores of Cape Cod.

Book Table.

MAGAZINES OF THE MONTH.

THE magazines of the month are now nearly all on our table. *Putnam's* and the *Eclectic* are the only familiar friends that are still wanting to complete the circle. Some of them have been some time awaiting our recognition. But we are unable to see any good reason why October magazines should be published early in September; and we are glad that the pioneer of them all, *Harper's*, does not yield to the execrable fashion any further than to make its appearance ten days before the date it wears. The present number is rather unusually good. There are three illustrated articles, besides "Marcy's Border Reminiscences," which are doubtless "taking" with a certain class, but which add nothing to the literary character of the magazine. "The Helderbergs" introduce us to a mountain chain in New York State, which, between the Catskills on the one side, and the Adirondacks on the other, is little known to tourists, though the artist has proved that it possesses some scenes of rare beauty. Mr. Eugene Lawrence contributes an historical article on "Loyola and the Jesuits," which exhibits painstaking study and careful composition. Mr. Lawrence is as yet but little known to the reading public, but promises to be a valuable addition to American *literati*. His articles are a little too long. Of the short stories, "Leah and Rachel" is decidedly above the average. Mr. Curtis in the "Easy Chair" discourses gracefully but illogically concerning the Stowe-Byron scandal; his defense of Mrs. Stowe being most effectually countervailed by Lord Lindsay's letter, which was, doubtless, not published until the "Easy Chair" was in print. The "Book Table," which aims generally rather to give a good bird's-eye view of current literature than an elaborate *critique* on any particular book, so far departs from its usual custom as to give nearly half its matter to a *critique* on Bushnell and Mill; in which it takes decided ground, though moderately expressed, in favor of the woman's movement.

The publication of such an unintentionally sensational article as that of Mrs. Stowe's in the September *Atlantic* has its disadvantages in the reaction that ensues. Such electrical shocks cannot be administered every month; and the editor who makes his magazine a galvanic battery disappoints his readers three-quarters of the time, that he may surprize them the other quarter. Perhaps it is owing to this reaction that the *Atlantic* seems to us a little dull. We suppose that the opening article, the "City of Brass," by J. W. De Forest, teaches some great political truth, under guise of an allegory, after the manner of Dean Swift; but we are not good at guessing riddles, and leave Mr. De Forest's without a solution. "The Egotist in Life" is rather "too like preaching," and rather dull preaching at that. "Parlor Singing" is a useful and readable essay on a matter that much needs mending. Edward Everett Hale contributes in his usual style an intensely absurd and yet wonderfully realistic story, entitled "The Brick Moon." There is nothing else specially noteworthy in the magazine except its poetry. In an article on "German Songs," Walter Mitchell gives some very pleasant and appetizing glimpses of German lyrics. And we have "Garibaldi" and "An August Pastoral," of which it is only necessary to say that one is by John G. Whittier and the other by Bayard Taylor. The Book Table is omitted altogether—a serious as well as singular omission.

Lippincott maintains an excellence of reading-matter and an unexcelled beauty of typographical execution which one would expect rather from the Athens of America than from the Quaker City. Over half the magazine is occupied with continued stories—too large a proportion. The solid articles are, however, all on subjects of present passing interest—as in the main the articles of a popular magazine should be; and they are so selected as to afford a good variety. T. C. De Leon discourses of the "French Fever," an epidemic fearfully common, very contagious, and generally ending in the death of all that makes true manhood and womanhood. E. B. Grubb, in an article a little too like that of a newspaper correspondent, gives an account of the "Suez Canal." George Fitzugh affords us a Southerner's view of "The Freedman and his Future." It wholly fails to give any authentic information concerning the freedman, or to appreciate in the slightest degree his future; but it affords a curious insight into the Southerner's estimate of character and philosophy of society and government, which even the civil war could not eradicate, and constitutes an unconscious but conclusive argument against our complying with his demand to "leave the management of the negro labor subject to the South." Karl Blind contributes a rather blind article on the "Democratic Movement in France." Indeed, we are rather impressed that the editor of this magazine, in a laudable desire to keep the articles short, cuts his writers down to so narrow a compass as to forbid them from doing full justice either to themselves or to their topics.

The most notable article in the *Galaxy*, which is always readable though rarely profound, is one by Justin McCarthy on "The Real Louis Napoleon." It is the best piece of writing we have seen from his pen. He does not believe "in his profound sagacity, or his foresight, or his stupendous self-control"; describes him as "personally a good-natured, good-tempered, undignified, awkward sort of man, unginly of gesture, not impressive in speech—a man quite as remarkable for occasional outbursts of unexpected and misplaced confidence as for a silence that often is, if I may use the expression, purely mechanical and unmeaning." We have read his article with interest; without, however, being satisfied that the blunderer he has painted is any more true to the original than the demigod he endeavors to dethrone. "Why Thieves Prosper" opens a new chapter in the history of the corruption of the New York municipal government, which would be startling were it not that nothing but some revelation of honesty in the ring could by any possibility startle the public, who seem to have settled down into the comfortable conviction that rascality is the necessary condition of politics. Mr. Norton writes a gossipy article of incidents and occurrences observed in ten years of official connection with the Astor Library; and Richard Grant White a critical article, entitled "Shakespearian Mares'-nests." "An Old Story with a New Moral," by Julia Ward Howe, is a capital little poem of three verses.

Our greatest criticism of the *Catholic World* is that It is too Romish to be Catholic. The solid articles are, almost without exception, written to glorify or to defend the Papal Church. It is rather a suspicious circumstance that it needs so much defending. We have a labored attempt to reconcile the doctrine of implicit obedience to the Church with the republican doctrine of intellectual liberty; an elaborate eulogy of the Council of Trent and its labors, moral and theological; a defense of Rome from the charge of immorality brought against her by Mr. Seymour and reiterated with such power by Leonard W. Bacon; a glowing account of the "Church in Paris and France"; a plea for the employment of Roman Catholic priests and tracts in prisons, because a large proportion—in New York City two-thirds—of the convicts are believed to belong to that church; a fearfully heavy article on Catholicity and Pantheism, of which the first paragraph was so supremely satisfactory that we read no further; and a defense of the "Seven Bishops" of Spain for their refusal to discourage the avowed disloyalty and scarcely-concealed revolutionary measures of the lower clergy. For a magazine devoted to "General Literature and Science," this is a pretty large proportion to appropriate to the defense of one denomination of Christendom. The one exceptional article is Marie de Gentelles's "Appeal to Young Christian Women," endorsed by his Holiness the Pope. Its dissuasive from habits of luxury is excellent and worthy of perusal by all, of every religious faith.

The difference between the Romish and the Protestant forms of faith are very strikingly illustrated by the contrast between *The Catholic World*, the organ of the one, and *The Sabbath at Home* and *Hours at Home*, both of which are representatives or, rather, instruments of the other. One defends its religion. The others use theirs. *Sabbath at Home* opens with a striking article, well illustrated, on "The Religious Aspects of the Spanish Revolution." Some of the figures from Doré are very powerful, and tell the story of Spain's ignorance and poverty under Jesuitical misrule, even better than the graphic descriptions which accompany them. Rev. R. T. Robinson furnishes an article, partly biographical, partly critical, on "Doddridge and his Hymns." "Sarah and her Bond Woman" shows in some touches not only a careful study, but a subtle appreciation of the Bible narrative. There is a readable essay by Meta Lander, which puts some timely truths in a forcible manner, and two pieces of poetry—one by J. E. Rankin, the other by Olive A. Wadsworth—both of which are superior; besides a couple of stories and some articles of less note. On the whole, this magazine is improving, and promises, with a little larger corps of contributors and a little better payment to inspire them, to realize what is a capital idea—a truly American Sunday Magazine. *Hours at Home* occupies a sort of border-land, that renders it impossible for us to guess whether it aims to be religious or secular. Its best articles are one on "Trades Unions and Strikes"; a narrative by Dr. Gillette of his supposed discovery of some before unknown political pamphlets, which he attributes to John Milton, partly from internal evidence, partly from the initials J. M.; a description of the great fire in New York of 1835, from the pen of James A. Hamilton, being an extract from his "Reminiscences"; and decidedly the best as well as most interesting account of the great eclipse which we have read, written by Miss Maria Mitchell, who seems to inherit her father's eloquent pen with his love of astronomical science. Despite some rather insignificant articles —as one on the Sixth Sense, and a very fragmentary talk "about humming birds" —this number is a remarkably good one.

We suppose that second-class periodical literature is a necessity; and that we must be content if it is moral in tone, however it may rank in literary character. Of *Arthur's Home Magazine* and Mrs. Peterson's *Lady's Friend* we can award no higher praise than to say that they can be read without mental excitement, intellectual exertion, or moral injury. *Once a Month* presents the usual collection of foreign selections and is a very good eclectic for the price, twenty cents a number.

We have left no adequate room to speak of the children's magazines. The *Child ren's Hour* is rather of the "goodish" style of literature, but is nevertheless a capital periodical for the younger little ones. Between *Our Young Folks* and *The Riverside* it is simply impossible to choose. Mr. Aldrich's "bad boy" falls in love, and is left a "blighted being," feeding on melancholy and living among the bushes, for which he was offered $5,000. We offer extra Inducements to Agents and pay freight to the West. Send for 32-page circular, with specimen Engravings, and terms to Agents.

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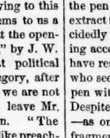

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A MONTHLY OF RECREATION AND INSTRUCTION.
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.
Edited by Rev. JOHN THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.
JUST ISSUED,
THE OCTOBER PART.
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MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. have the pleasure of announcing that they have concluded arrangements for the future publication, in this country, of Dr. Guthrie's "SUNDAY MAGAZINE," to be, in respect to letter-press and illustration, a *fac simile* of the English Edition.

Since its commencement, THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE has enjoyed an enviable popularity in England—its circulation in many cases reaching as high as 70,000 copies per month—and the publishers are confident that it only needs to be better known and be made more accessible to the American people to become equally popular in this country.

The contributors to this work still receiving contributions from those who have helped to raise the Magazine to its present standard, it needs no further notice to give on religious topics, stimulating by its stories of the lives of the wise and good, and by its interesting tales and sketches of life and character as to render it a welcome visitor to every household.

TERMS OF THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE.
SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION, $2 50. SINGLE NUMBERS, 20

Farm and Garden.

POULTRY RAISING ON A LARGE SCALE.

At frequent intervals there appear in the columns of the press enthusiastic reports of great success in poultry raising on a small scale, where from a dozen or twenty hens a profit of two to three dollars each per year is obtained; and thereupon sanguine individuals make estimates of large establishments of one hundred to one thousand fowls, and calculate the profits, earnestly asking the question, Why is it not a desirable and profitable business in it? Nearly every large experiment in this country has failed, on account of one or more hidden causes; and really there does not appear to exist much encouragement to follow the matter constantly. The Messrs. Leland, of the Metropolitan Hotel in this city, have, however, inaugurated an enterprise which is proving successful.

Upon their suburban place—Highland Farm, Westchester County—containing between 500 and 600 acres, they have appropriated 17 acres to poultry raising; and upon the highest part thereof have erected two large houses—one of wood and one of stone—fitting up the interiors with moveable nests. In the center of the rooms are fireplaces for heating the building and warming the fowls in winter. At one side of the enclosure is a pond for the ducks, while the chickens are supplied by a running stream of water coming from the dairy. The secret of their astonishing success becomes apparent in two simple items: First, absolute cleanliness; second, the greatest attention to comfort.

At stated times the nests are removed from the building, and thoroughly cleansed from the rain, dews, and whitewash; while the buildings are thoroughly coated with lime before the nest-boxes are returned. During this cleaning the doors are locked, and the fowls are compelled to roost on the surrounding trees.

In this manner, exceedingly simple and through, vermin are completely exterminated; and the fowls are surrounded with a pure, healthful atmosphere, and exhibit great thrift.

During the last year, upon this place, 500 ducks and geese, 450 turkeys, and 3,000 chickens were raised. The value of them all could not have been less than $12,000.

The main cause of failure among other experimentalists has been from overcrowding—there has not been enough space for pure air and ventilation; fowls must have a free and unrestricted liberty, and be allowed to roam where they please. The soil, also, may have been unsuitable—cold, heavy, or undrained; the yard may have had an exposure to the cold or unfavorable winds from the north and east, instead of a warm, dry, and sunny position, and good shelter in the colder seasons of the year.

Mr. G. K. Geyelin, whose book on "Poultry Raising" is attracting so much attention, firmly believes that great success can be obtained in this business as a penalty pursuit, and is trying the thing on a practical basis in England. His book conveys hints enough to render it of the greatest value, and his propositions are worthy of a wide circulation.

1st. Select the most perfect specimens of each race that can be obtained, as the first cost will repay itself.

2d. Keep the distinct races entirely separate.

3d. For cross breeding select only the finest specimens of each race and sex.

4th. It is not advisable to keep breeding stock longer than three years; after that time either sell or fatten for market.

5th. Collect the eggs three times daily.

6th. Feed the stock regularly at sunrise and an hour before sunset.

7th. Allow not more than 6 hens to a rooster, and 18 hens to a home.

8th. Chickens should be kept in a room dry and scrupulously clean, not more than 12 together, the sexes apart, feeding three times a day liberally of finely-chopped green vegetables.

9th. There should be some means of collecting and profitably using the manure.

10th. The ground should be constantly renewed or stirred, to prevent any taint.

11th. The temperature of the room should be kept equal, and cold and dampness prevented. A genial temperature will induce the hens to sit, notwithstanding cold weather.

12th. Watch each breed, ascertain their comparative productiveness, and obtain precise statistics, for future use.

The ovarium of a fowl is composed of 500 ovulas or eggs; therefore, a hen during the whole of her life cannot possibly lay more than that number, and they are distributed throughout a natural life as follows:

1st year after birth	15 to 20	eggs.
2d	" "	100 " 120	"
3d	" "	120 " 135	"
4th	" "	100 " 115	"
5th	" "	60 " 80	"
6th	" "	50 " 60	"
7th	" "	35 " 40	"
8th	" "	15 " 20	"
9th	" "	1 " 10	"

Hence it is apparent that the fourth year of a hen's life is the limit of her profitableness; after that her produce will not pay for her keep.

Mr. Geyelin is a believer in artificial hatching, although it has proved hitherto in England a complete failure. In Egypt, where they hatch many millions of poultry annually, artificial hatching is a trade of itself, carried on by many hundred proprietors of ovens; and their hatching is so successful that they can sell one hundred newly-hatched chickens for about 75 cts., and for every hundred eggs entrusted to their charge they will guarantee to return sixty free, reserving all over that for their profit.

Mr. Geyelin makes two estimates of profit:

1st. BREEDING ESTABLISHMENT. BREEDING STOCK OF 1,000 HENS.

Revenue.

150 eggs from each hen, at 20 cts. per doz.	$2,500
1,000 lbs of 13 chick's each, 25 cts. each.	3,000
Manure, at 25 cts. each hen	250
Total	$5,750

Expenses.

Interest on capital, fuel, etc.	$1,500
Food, $1 each hen per annum	1,000
Labor	400
Total expenses	$2,900
Profits	2,850

2d. LAYING ESTABLISHMENT. 2,000 HENS.

Revenue.

180 eggs from each hen, 20 cts. per doz.	$6,000
2,000 broods of 12 chickens each, 25 cts.	6,000
Manure, at 25 cts. each hen	500
Total income	$12,500

Expenses.

Interest, fuel, etc.	$1,200
Food, at $1 each hen	2,000
Labor	500
Total expenses	$3,700
Apparent profits	8,800

These figures, based on Mr. Geyelin's estimates of production and American prices of produce, are sufficient to induce many in our own country to attempt the experiment of proving or disproving them. If successful, we may expect to see a new business inaugurated, productive of beneficial results.

NORWAY OATS.

We stated last Spring that all who tried this new variety would be more than pleased, and the experience of this year has proved our assertions.

Upon our own farm they were grown side by side with the common oats; and the produce was not only much greater, but also much heavier. As far as we have had observations, they have done equally well in nearly all other localities. As Mr. Greeley has heretofore stated, our oats degenerate after an experience of several years; and we need new varieties from more northern latitudes to fill the place of the old kinds which prove undesirable. Perhaps there could be no greater fraud upon the farming public than the dissemination of impure seed, causing much loss of time, money, and great disappointment. This has been practiced by irresponsible parties in various parts of the country, and has given occasion for the frequent reports of the inefficiency of the Norway Oats. The pure seed proves with us all that we have expected of it.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* says that tomatoes want water almost as much as ducks; but, as the vine is hardy, and will stand almost any amount of heat and drought, few supply the water it demands. In order to make tomatoes ripen quickly, they should be watered at least once a day. The evening is the best time to water them.

AGRICULTURAL.

FOR SALE.—TWELVE ACRES Improved, within 3 miles of Kalamazoo; 2 roods from R. R. depot, in Kalamazoo. Address Box 145, Kalamazoo, Mich.

THE VERDICT RENDERED.

Last season we presented to the farmers of the country some of the evidences of the wonderful productive powers of the NORWAY OATS. Many doubted, and some called us swindlers. Seed-time and harvest have passed, and the *verdict is rendered*. Thousands of farmers responding from the North, the South, the East, and the West declare the NORWAY OATS to be better than we ever represented them to be.

READ THE TESTIMONY:

LOUISIANA, MO., Aug. 7th, 1869.
The season with us has been too wet for oats. The Norways have been a success. The heavy rains beat down the common oats so that they had to be mowed, while the Norways stood erect, not a single straw having fallen or lodged. I am too well pleased with them to sell a kernel even at $10 a bushel, which I could readily do. I shall sow all I have another year. One of my neighbors sowed seven grains on very rich land, and harvested one quart. ARTHUR A. BLUMER.

NO HUMBUG ABOUT THEM.

HENRY PULSMAN, Esq., Galesville, N. Y., writes, Aug. 16th, 1869: The Norway Oats I had of you are no humbug; on the contrary, are all you recommended them to be last year. I sowed on clay loam soil, and can beat all my neighbors about here for oats of any kind. No farmer can afford to raise any other kind, if he can get these even at $10 per bushel.

WAKED UP TOO LATE.

JOHN LINDSAY, PATTERSON, PA., Aug. 19th, 1869, says: I sowed the bushel of Norway Oats I had of you on one acre of sandy soil; they rimmed as soon as my common oats, yielding 80 bushels per acre. I only regret I did not buy more seed from you. They are the wonder of all who saw them; stalks like rake-teeth, and I found 3,500 grains from one seed. They have created a great excitement in this section. My seed is all spoken for, and much more will be wanted in this section. Farmers now say they are no humbug, and are sorry they did not buy last year. They have "waked up too late," that's what's the matter.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Aug. 8, 1869.
Dear Sir: Since my last I have threshed my crop; they have turned out something more than *one hundred and fifty bushels* of oats to the acre. I tried a dozen sheafs taken as they came from the stack; the yield was *four bushels and one pint to the dozen* or *over one-fourth bushel to the sheaf*. Owing to the bad weather, one-third of my oats froze out. We have had the longest and most disastrous drought we ever had in this country, having no rain scarcely since May 1st. If we had had an ordinary season, I would undoubtedly made *two hundred* bushels per acre. If I live next season, I will give your oats a *fair test*. I do not write this for advertising or publication, as I have more for sale; what I spare will be gratuitous to my friends. I believe I can excel anything of the oat kind in the world with this seed next year. Respectfully yours, JNO. L. DIVINE.

THE CONNEAUT COUNTY (OHIO) AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY ENDORSES THEM.

AMBOY, OHIO, Sept. 3.
I am highly pleased with the appearance and prospects of the great crop of the oats I had of you. The officers of the Conneaut County Agricultural Society met at my place to examine these oats; and pronounced them far ahead of any oat they ever saw, and a grand success. Respectfully yours, A. C. DIBBLE.

OVER ONE HUNDRED BUSHELS TO THE ACRE.

UPPER MANAKTONGO, PA., Aug. 20, 1869.
I received ½ bushel of your seed too late for a fair trial. The yield was *thirty-three* and three-fourths bushels, surpassing anything ever seen in our section of country. The bulbs are thin, with plump berry which accounts for their heavy weight. I recommend farmers to send to you to be sure of the genuine seed. Yours, etc., GEORGE BOYER.

"The increase in yield is fully 100 per cent. over the other varieties, and the quality better."
W. P. ELLIOTT, Knoxville, Tenn.

"My crop weighs 40 lbs. to the bushel. They are just what every farmer wants."
W. I. ANDERSON, Altoona, Pa.

"I will not sow any other kind hereafter."
W. B. SEYMOUR, Iowa City, Iowa.

"The Norway Oats are not a humbug, as some suppose; but will yield more than any other variety in this county." Report St. Clair Co. (Mo.) Farmers' Club.

"They are an improvement of vast importance to the West. Our farmers are advised to secure this seed."
Report of meeting of Illinois Grain Growers, at Chicago.

"I measured one head 26 inches long, and any quantity over 20 inches. They are *quite* great *up on the heads*, and the stalks are strong enough to hold them up." JOHN MAHER, Smyrna, Me.

"My Norways stood five to six feet high, and no lodging; common oats all lay flat."
J. H. WILSON, Boise City, Idaho.

"I raised as many Norways on one acre as I did of common oats on two acres, equally as good land. Besides, the Norways are far better in quality, weighing 40 to 45 pounds to the bushel."
W. H. BISHOP, Leesburg, Ind.

"They are a most valuable addition to the grain resources of the country. They yield fully twice as much as other varieties of better quality."
W. LARIMER, Crab Tree, Pa.

"I have been raising the large Irish oat; but my Norways have more than doubled on the other kinds, and are heavy and of excellent quality."
E. F. DODD, Van Buren, Pa.

OVER FIVE BUSHELS FROM ONE POUND.

NORTH BROWNVILLE, MICH., Aug. 29th,
I am pleased to inform you that the oats I had from you did better than I expected. From the one pound I have harvested over five *bushels* of splendid oats, and this after the birds had destroyed a great many. I think they will do best on ground not too rich. Mine weigh 36 pounds to the bushel.
Yours truly,
GEO. E. BROWN.

1,580 KERNELS FROM ONE SEED.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, Sept. 9th, 1869.
My Norways are heavier than my other oats by considerable, and the yield 100 per cent. more. Average length of heads 23 inches; best yield noticed from a single grain, 1,580. They ripen a few days later.
Respectfully,
CHAS. WILMER.

SIXTY-EIGHT HEADS FROM ONE KERNEL.

BALTIMORE, OHIO, Sept. 15, 1869.
I was fearful of being *sold* when I bought those oats; and my acquaintances laughed at me, saying they were nothing but common oats. I was so ashamed of them that I sowed them on a patch over the hill, where no one would be likely to see them. I must confess I am happily disappointed. I had the best field of oats in this vicinity, and on threshing found they weighed 41 pounds to the bushel, and the yield is nearly three times greater than my common oats. I found sixty-eight stalks from one kernel, six feet high, the heads 19 inches long. I have saved one stalk to preserve it, any one wishes to see it. I shall raise no other kind hereafter. Respectfully,
JOHN K. GRUBBS.

ONE HEAD BETTER THAN TEN OF COMMON OATS.

HAMPTON, CONN., July 3, 1869.
GENTS:—I sowed the Norway Oats I had of you on fair ground, but rather wet from so rainy a season, which kept them back some; so I think they will be about one week later than the common oats. They have grown very large, and to-day I took from a stool of twelve stalks growing from one oat, a single head, and carried it into my neighbor's field, where he was cutting some common oats, to compare the two kinds. After they had looked at the head and compared it carefully with his, he declared that the one head of Norways had more oats on it than the *ten best heads he could find on his field*. In one instance I find thirty stalks growing from one oat. Yours, etc.,
HENRY COPELAND.

THREE HUNDRED BUSHELS TO THE ACRE.

ST. CHARLES, MO., Aug., 1869.
The Norway Oats I sowed broadcast, without special care, on very rich ground, have had a tremendous growth. I never saw their equal. They are much heavier and superior in every respect. My yield is about one hundred and fifty bushels to the acre, while a small patch in my garden gives a yield equal to *three hundred bushels to the acre*.
Yours respectfully, DR. E. W. CHARLES.

NORTH CAROLINA HEARD FROM.

BATTLEBORO, N. C., August 2, 1869.
I am so well pleased with the Norway Oats that I take pleasure in reporting to you their success. The land on which they were sown was entirely worn out. We broke it deep and sowed with the 32 lbs. oats 150 pounds of guano. They grew beyond our expectations, yielding well. We certainly regard them as very much superior to any oat we have seen, and can heartily endorse them for culture in this section.
Yours, etc., W. A. POWELL.

EIGHTY-FIVE BUSHELS FROM HALF AN ACRE.

HEMLOCK LAKE, N. Y., August 23.
D. W. RAMSDELL & CO.;
Gents:—We bought last fall from your agents, Jones & Clark, some Norway Oats, and sowed them with little faith—27 lbs. on half an acre. We noticed as soon as they were up that they were entirely different from common oats. We had a large yield, having threshed *eighty-five bushels, which weigh forty-three pounds when cleaned*. This is a kind of humbug which we farmers up here like.
Respectfully yours, MORGAN & COYKENDALL.

A GAIN OF FIVE HUNDRED PER CENT.

ROCKFISH DEPOT, V.A., Aug. 10th, 1869.
Dear Sir:—The Norway Oats I had of you have had a great growth, and are a new specimen to all in this section. They undoubtedly resist heavy storms better than any other kind, from their heavy growth. I estimate my gain at about *five hundred per cent.* over the common oats in this section.
Very respectfully yours, W. M. PEYTON.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY BUSHELS FROM ONE AND A QUARTER ACRES.

GRENVILLE, IOWA, Aug. 6th, 1869.
D. W. RAMSDELL & CO.,
Dear Sirs:—I had thirty-four pounds of Norway Oats from you, and sowed them on one and one-quarter acres of common ground, manured 2 years ago. We harvested them yesterday, and got 130 bushels, by 1 am sure will yield one bushel each when threshed. They looked handsome when growing, and are superior in every respect. The kernels are plump, with very thin hulls; and I am sure no farmer who sees or knows the facts about this grain will ever want to grow the old kinds.
Truly yours, L. CARR.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Extract from the Statement of A. Brett.

I sowed ten acres, half Norway half common oats. Land equally as good. Seed used, 15 bushels common oats, 5 bushels Norway. Yield of common oats 120 bushels; yield of Norways 320 bushels. At 65 cents per bushel, my common oats bring me $114, Norways $227. If we sell our crop at price of common oats, we per bushel, my common oats bring me $114, Norways $227. If we sell our crop at price of common oats, we per bushel my $20 per bushel for Norway seed than to put in common oats at any price. I can sell my Norways easily at $5 to my friends. Shall put in 45 acres next year, for I am sure they will pay.
A. BRETT.
Worth twice as much as my common oats to feed to my horses. S. M. WAIT, Brattleboro, Vt.

WEIGH HEAVIER AND ARE MORE PROFITABLE.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, Aug. 31st.
I am pleased to inform you of the great success of the Norway Oats with me. I sowed on sandy loam, without manure, and got a yield of seventy-two and a half bushels, weighing 36 pounds to the bushel, from one bushel of seed; which we consider enormous. They grow strong, with very large heads. I am firmly of the opinion that they are one hundred per cent. better and more profitable for the farmers to grow than any other kind of oats.
Respectfully yours, S. W. BARR.

LOOK OUT FOR BOGUS SEED.

BAYFORD'S STORE, PA., Aug. 28, 1869.
Dear Sirs:—I understand you have the genuine Ramsdell Norway Oats. Please let me know the price, I have been badly cheated by N. F. Boyer & Co. They sold me common oats under the name of Norways. This year I hope to get the pure seed. Yours truly, D. MONTALLER.

NOTE.—This is but one of hundreds of letters received from parties who have been imposed upon. If you buy of unreliable parties, because you can save a dollar or two, you must take your own risk. One of the best evidences of its being spurious is the fact of its being offered under price. All persons who have the genuine seed know that the demand is so great that it will command full price, and are not likely to ask less.

A Mammoth Head of Oats.

The above cut represents a single head of the Ramsdell Norway Oats, reduced and copied by photography, from which this engraving is made. The natural length of the head is *thirty-one inches*, and it is believed to be the largest ever grown.

D. W. RAMSDELL & CO.,
No. 218 Pearl St., New York,
and No. 171 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

REFERENCES:
Samuel Sinclair, of *N. Y. Tribune*; G. Colismore & Co., N. Y.; Harper & Brothers, N. Y.; J. I. Pearce, Pres. 3d National Bank, Chicago, Ill.; H. N. F. Lewis, Editor Chicago *Western Rural*. Prairie Farmer Co., Chicago, Ill.

SPURIOUS SEED.

Hundreds of bushels of Canada, New Brunswick, Surprise, Poland, and numerous other varieties of oats were sold last year as our seed. Parties are again advertising and attempting to deceive the farmers. One party has already forwarded several thousand bushels of Canada oats to the West, where he is selling them as our seed. We cautioned farmers last year against these frauds. But, because they could buy at a lower price, and the representations appeared honest, they purchased elsewhere: and now, when they have learned by the result that they were deceived, they are writing to us to punish the swindlers. To all such we beg to say that we have enough to do to attend to our own business. We renew our caution, and give notice that hereafter we shall sell our seed under the name of the RAMSDELL NORWAY OATS. The demand for this seed is sufficient to guarantee a sale of every bushel in the country at our established price; and farmers who bought seed from us are asking from $7 50 to $10, and one evidence of seed being spurious is the fact of its being offered at less than the regular established prices. No man is likely to go to the trouble and expense of advertising and selling this seed at a less price than he knows we would pay for it, if genuine. There is not seed enough to supply the State of California alone, while orders are coming in from every State and Territory and many parts of Europe. There is upward of *Ave millions* of farmers in the United States yet to be supplied with this seed, and the whole crop this year would not give each a pint. Where one farmer had the faith in our representations to buy last year thousands are satisfied and anxious to get it now. One word more on this subject of inferior seed. Many seed-dealers bought and sold seed last year which they may honestly have believed to be genuine, which was not; and some farmers, we are sorry to say it, who raised 25 bushels, sold more than twice that quantity. The demand which the great success of this grain the past season has created will sweep off the entire stock in a short time, and will offer unusual advantages for more extensive sowing; and we are compelled, in justice to ourselves as well as for the protection of the public, to publish the above facts. The only safe way for the farmer is to make up his mind how much he wants, and if a neighbor whom he knows and can trust has the seed of his own raising, buy of him. If not, send at once to us. Our best and heaviest seed, *Northern grown*, under the personal supervision of Mr. Ramsdell, will be offered first.

YIELD AND QUALITY.

We claimed last year that the Norway Oat would yield double that of any other kind. They have done better than that.

We claimed that they were 25 per cent. heavier. They have exceeded that in weight.

We claimed that they were better in quality. Reliable farmers say they are worth 100 per cent. more for home consumption, and will make whiter and sweeter flour than the best wheat.

Farmers will can do so are invited to visit either of our stores, and examine the grain and specimens of stalks, root, branch, and head. We have mammoth roots producing as many as 250 stalks from a single kernel, which are visited by hundreds daily, and considered, justly, as we think, the wonder of the agricultural world. We shall continue to furnish the genuine Ramsdell Norway Oats as a specialty for two years to come. The price next year will not be less than four dollars. One farmer in every town can make a small fortune in the crop from a few bushels.

Price: $7 50 per bushel; $4 per half bushel; $2 50 per peck. Sold by the standard of 32 lbs. to the bushel. Express charges to be paid by the purchaser. Bags free. Remit by draft P. O. money order, or registered letter, or send by Express prepaid, and the package will be delivered to the Co. on receipt of the money. Address either of our Stores nearest your place. Circulars free.

D. W. RAMSDELL & CO.,
P. O. Box 5689,
No 218 Pearl St., New York,
and No. 171 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

INSURANCE.

ECLECTIC

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE 187 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.

MERRITT H. SMITH, President.
R. B. ASKENBURGH, Vice-President.
G. de MACARTY, Secretary.
ISRAEL C. PIERSON, Actuary.
R. S. NEWTON, M.D., Medical Director.
F. L. R. SATTERLEE, M.D., Medical Examiner.

This is the only ECLECTIC COMPANY in the world. Insurances granted on all known methods and made

INTERCHANGEABLE,

at the option of the assured, without surrender or loss.

ANNUAL DIVIDENDS

PREMIUMS IN CASH entitled to CASH DIVIDENDS.
Premiums settled partly by LOANS ON INTEREST have balances

CANCELED BY DIVIDENDS.

STOCK OR NON-PARTICIPATING ASSURANCE, without dividends, on the best terms, and LOWER THAN IS OFFERED BY STOCK COMPANIES.
Dividends declared on the Contribution Plan.
THIRTY DAYS' GRACE, on application, for payment of premiums.
NO POLICY IN THIS SOCIETY shall be forfeited, or become void by the non-payment of premium thereon.
PAID-UP POLICIES granted after one premium.
The MASSACHUSETTS LAW in full adopted by this Company, and applied whenever preferred by the insured. It grants an extension of the policy for the full amount until the net value is exhausted. Thus: Age 35, Premium $36 36. The holder is entitled without further payment to the following extra insurance.

When 2d payment is due and unpaid,	1 year	3 days.
" 3d " " "	2 years	13 "
" 4th " " "	3 "	27 "
" 5th " " "	4 "	46 "

LOSSES promptly adjusted in CASH.
No extra rates for assurance of Women, or Officers of the Army, Navy, Steamships, or Railways.
All RECENT IMPROVEMENTS adopted, and all DESIRABLE CONCESSIONS to the assured made.
NO OTHER COMPANY OFFERS ALL THE FOREGOING ADVANTAGES.

GUARDIAN

Mutual Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

No. 251 Broadway.

Assets, rapidly increasing, $1,500,000.

ALL APPROVED FORMS OF POLICIES ISSUED.
LIBERAL MODES FOR THE PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS. ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE BY THEIR TERMS.

The Entire Profits of the Company Divided Equitably among the Insured.

LAST RETURN OF PREMIUM FIFTY PER CENT.

The Premium and Dividend System of this Company combines the best features of all the modern plans of Life Insurance.
If the premium is paid ALL CASH, the dividends begin with the second annual premium and continue annually thereafter; they may be applied either to reduce the premium charged or to increase the amount insured.
Premiums may also be paid two-thirds in cash, the remaining one-third being endorsed as a Loan upon the policy.
NO NOTES ARE REQUIRED.
In this case dividends begin with the Fourth annual premium and continue annually, and are applied to cancel the Loans outstanding.

DIRECTORS:

HON. JOHN A. DIX.....New York.
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JOHN J. CRANE.....President Bank Republic.
WILLIAM T. HOOKER.....Wall Street.
WILLIAM M. VERMILYE.....Banker, (Vermilye & Co.)
CHARLES G. ROCKWOOD.....CashierNewarkBankingCo.
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W. E. VERMILYE, Medical Examiner.

HOME

Insurance Company

Offices No. 135 Broadway, New York, and 151 Montague St., Brooklyn.

Cash Capital - $2,000,000 00
Assets July 1, 1869 - - 4,243,234 53
Liabilities - - - - - - 75,489 35

Desiring to deal directly with its Customers, this Company will hereafter make a rebate from the Premium on Risks in the City, equal to the Commission heretofore paid as Brokerage.

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.
A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice-Pres't.
D. A. HEALD, 2d Vice-Pres't.
J. H. WASHBURN, Secretary
GEO. M. LYON, Assistant Secretary.
T. B. GREENE, 2d Assistant Secretary.

HOME

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

MUTUAL.

254 BROADWAY, New York.

Assets, $2,000,000. *Assured Members*, 10,000.

OFFICERS:

WALTER S. GRIFFITH, *President.* I. H. FROTHINGHAM, *Treasurer.*
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AGENTS WANTED.

COLUMBIA FIRE

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK.

Office No. 161 Broadway, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL.....$200,000 00
SURPLUS.....150,819 90
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, April 1st, 1867.....$433,819 90

ALFRED DOUGLAS, President.
JOHN R. ARTHUR, Secretary.
ED. H. SATTERLEE, Assistant Secretary.

THE ANCHOR

LIFE INSURANCE Co.

OFFICE 178 BROADWAY, N. Y.

This company offers liberal terms to both Insurers and Agents.

J. B. CHURCH, Jr., Sec'y. EDMUND C. FISHER, Pres't.

UNIVERSAL LIFE INS. CO.,
NEW YORK CITY.
THE ORIGINAL JOINT STOCK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF THE UNITED STATES.
WILLIAM WALKER, President.
HENRY J. FURBER, Vice-President.
JOHN H. HEWLEY, Secretary.
EDWARD W. LAMBERT, M.D., Medical Examiner

SECURITY

Life Insurance

AND

ANNUITY COMPANY,

31 and 33 Pine Street,

NEW YORK.

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THEO. R. WETMORE, Vice-Pres't.
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CHARLES BELLOWS,
REUBEN H. UNDERHILL,
JOHN T. WILLETS,
A. R. WETMORE,
ROBERT R. HOWLAND,
SANDFORD R. KNAPP, Peekskill, N. Y.
JAMES HOGLER, Newburgh, N. Y.
DAVID HODGE,
EDWARD G. JONES, New Bedford, Mass.

No Restriction on Travel, except in the Tropics.
Policies Incontestable after Three Annual Payments, except in case of Fraud.
This Company offers as great inducements to those PAYING THEIR PREMIUMS ALL

IN CASH

as any in the country at the same time giving them the privilege of availing themselves of the

LOAN,

should the necessity arise.
ALL POLICIES ARE NON-FORFEITING AFTER THREE YEARLY CASH PAYMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE.

The Progress of this Company is Shown by Table the Annexed:

Years.	1867.	1868.	1869.	1864.	1865.	1866.	
	1,000	1,500	2,000	2,500	3,000	3,500	New Policies.
	4,794	6,293	8,154	10,403	12,903	15,403	No. of Policies issued each year.
	$2,000,000	$3,000,000	$4,000,000	$5,000,000	$6,000,000	$7,000,000	Gross Receipts.
	$1,470,000	$2,205,000	$2,940,000	$3,675,000	$4,410,000	$5,145,000	Amount Insured by New Policies.
	$1,250,000	$2,187,500	$3,125,000	$4,062,500	$5,000,000	$5,937,500	Total Gross Assets.
	$12,500	$31,875	$62,500	$106,875	$162,500	$231,875	Increase over previous year in Gross Assets.

For General or District Agencies apply to the offices of the Company, Nos. 31 and 33 Pine street, N. Y.

☞ Liberal Commissions to experienced Agents.

THE

EQUITABLE

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES.

No. 92 BROADWAY, N. Y.

WM. C. ALEXANDER, *President.*
HENRY B. HYDE, *Vice-President.*
GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, *Actuary.*
JAS. W. ALEXANDER, *Secretary.*

Assets, $10,000,000 Cash.
Annual Income, $6,000,000.

Actual Results as Shown in the Case of Policies Already Paid:

Amount of Policy.	5,000	5,000	5,000	10,000	15,000	2,000	2,000	1,000	
Dividends.	1,375	1,250	1,250	2,500	3,750	500	500	250	Paid Policy Holders.
	1,375	1,250	1,250	2,500	3,750	500	500	250	Dividends on Dividends Paid.
	2,750	2,500	2,500	5,000	7,500	1,000	1,000	500	Total Amount Paid.
Dividends.	$68 75	$62 50	$62 50	$125 00	$187 50	$25 00	$25 00	$12 50	
	68 75	62 50	62 50	125 00	187 50	25 00	25 00	12 50	
	137 50	125 00	125 00	250 00	375 00	50 00	50 00	25 00	
	206 25	187 50	187 50	375 00	562 50	75 00	75 00	37 50	
	275 00	250 00	250 00	500 00	750 00	100 00	100 00	50 00	
	343 75	312 50	312 50	625 00	937 50	125 00	125 00	62 50	
	412 50	375 00	375 00	750 00	1,125 00	150 00	150 00	75 00	
	481 25	437 50	437 50	875 00	1,312 50	175 00	175 00	87 50	
	550 00	500 00	500 00	1,000 00	1,500 00	200 00	200 00	100 00	
	618 75	562 50	562 50	1,125 00	1,687 50	225 00	225 00	112 50	
	687 50	625 00	625 00	1,250 00	1,875 00	250 00	250 00	125 00	
	756 25	687 50	687 50	1,375 00	2,062 50	275 00	275 00	137 50	
	825 00	750 00	750 00	1,500 00	2,250 00	300 00	300 00	150 00	
	893 75	812 50	812 50	1,625 00	2,437 50	325 00	325 00	162 50	
	962 50	875 00	875 00	1,750 00	2,625 00	350 00	350 00	175 00	
	1,031 25	937 50	937 50	1,875 00	2,812 50	375 00	375 00	187 50	
	1,100 00	1,000 00	1,000 00	2,000 00	3,000 00	400 00	400 00	200 00	
	1,168 75	1,062 50	1,062 50	2,125 00	3,187 50	425 00	425 00	212 50	
	1,237 50	1,125 00	1,125 00	2,250 00	3,375 00	450 00	450 00	225 00	
	1,306 25	1,187 50	1,187 50	2,375 00	3,562 50	475 00	475 00	237 50	
	1,375 00	1,250 00	1,250 00	2,500 00	3,750 00	500 00	500 00	250 00	
Late Residence.	Cleveland, O.	Racine, Wis.	Chicago, Ill.	Orleans, Ind.	Orleans, Ind.	Cincinnati, O.	Cincinnati, O.	Cincinnati, O.	

GORHAM Mfg Co.,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

STERLING SILVER WARE

AND

Fine Electro-Plated WARE.

This Company, having the most extensive and complete Silver Ware Factory in the world, and employing the best talent in designing, modeling, and finishing, are, with the aid of ingenious and labor-saving machinery, enabled to produce in large quantities, and at the lowest prices, goods beautiful in design and unsurpassed in finish, the fineness of which they guarantee to be of sterling purity, U. S. Mint assay. A certificate is issued with all articles in silver for the purpose of protecting purchasers from imitations of their designs.

They also continue to manufacture their well-known and unrivaled Nickel Silver Electro-Plated Ware, which will last twenty-five years with fair every-day usage.

Orders received from the Trade only; but these goods may be obtained from responsible dealers everywhere.

STERLING. Trade Mark for Silver. Trade Mark for Electro-Plate. GORHAM MFG CO.

The Gorham Ware

May be Obtained from

ADAMS, CHANDLER & Co.,

No. 20 John Street, New York.

COMMUNION SERVICES.

In addition to our extensive assortment of Silver-Plated Ware for family use, we are making a specialty of the manufacture of the Communion Service, in great variety, and of chaste and appropriate designs. Liberal terms made with religious societies. Photographs, showing the various styles, will be sent by mail on application.

ADAMS, CHANDLER & CO.,
No. 20 John street, New York.

METALLIC PORCELAIN-LINED SILVER-PLATED ICE - PITCHERS,

AND

Baking Dishes,

WITH

SILVER-PLATED RECEPTACLES,

WARRANTED FIREPROOF,

AND NOT TO BREAK,

(which is not the case with others in the market.)

FOR SALE TO THE TRADE ONLY

BY THE

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

SUPERIOR ELECTRO-PLATED NICKEL SILVER AND WHITE METAL

TABLE-WARE,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

SALESROOM,

199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

AND AT THE

MANUFACTORIES,

West Meriden, Conn.

SQUIRE & LANDER,

No. 97 Fulton st., New York, is the best place to buy reliable Watches, Fine Diamonds, JEWELRY, and SILVER WARE. *Diamonds a specialty.*

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

REED & BARTON

ESTABLISHED 1824,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE BEST QUALITY OF

Silver-plated Goods,

Spoons and Forks, and Table Ware of every description, elegant in design and finish,

would call especial attention to

Patent Seamless & Glass-Lined ICE PITCHERS,

made with MOVABLE LININGS, which have been tested and highly recommended by Prof. Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts.

Our goods are sold by the principal dealers in the United States, with our guaranty that they are made of the best quality of metal and heavily plated with pure Silver.

The Highest Prize for Silver-Plated Goods was awarded to REED & BARTON by the American Institute, New York, in 1867.

Office and Show Rooms at the Factory, TAUNTON, Mass., and No. 3 MAIDEN LANE, New York.

"PERFECTION" Coffee Pot.

Superior to any yet invented, combining all the advantages of the French patents, with wonderful

SIMPLICITY, DURABILITY, and CHEAPNESS.

Lovers of GOOD COFFEE are unanimous in its praise.

☞ FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS. ☜

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.,

SOLE MANUFACTURERS,

Wallingford, Conn.

SAMPLE AND SALESROOM,

No. 19 John Street N. Y.

PORCELAIN-LINED

ICE-PITCHERS,

THE BEST ARTICLE MADE. Also the popular

PORCELAIN-LINED BAKING-DISH,

superior to any baker in the earthenware line, as it will not break and bakes equally on all sides.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY,

whose Silver-Plated Ware is for sale by

G. COLLAMORE & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF FINE CHINA AND GLASS WARE,

No. 731 BROADWAY.

SILVER-PLATED

ICE-PITCHERS,

WITH

PORCELAIN LININGS,

Lighter, Cleaner, and Better than any Other Made.

TIFFANY & CO.,

Nos. 550 & 552 BROADWAY.

THE

Union Spring Hinge

FOR DOORS AND GATES.

"The most effective and best Hinge we have used."

UNION FERRY COMPANY, Brooklyn.

Address

THE UNION SPRING HINGE COMPANY,

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Send for Circular.

SMITH & WESSON'S REVOLVERS

are sold in *any quantity* for cash, at *Hundred price*, by C. W. STOKES & CO., 97 Chambers street, N. Y. Also agents for Metallic Cartridges, Williamson's Derringers, J. Stevens & Co.'s Pistols, F. Wesson's Rifles and Pistols, Davis's Levels, Storrs's File Handles, etc. 353 Broadway, New York.

OTIS SAFETY HOISTING MACHINERY.

OTIS BROS. & CO.,
No. 348 Broadway, New York.

REYNOLDS' TURBINE WATER-WHEELS.

No Complex, Duplex, or Triplex complications. All such are costly, perishable, easily clogged, inaccessible.

Mill Gearing, Shafting, and Pulleys. Send for illustrated pamphlet.

GEORGE TALLCOT,
96 Liberty St., N. Y.

THE SEMI-ANNUAL INTEREST on the bonds of the Danville, Urbana, Bloomington, and Pekin Railroad of Illinois, which will be paid in gold, Oct. 1st, will be equivalent to a reduction in the price (66 and accrued interest in currency) of over one per cent.

TURNER BROTHERS, Bankers,
No. 14 Nassau street.

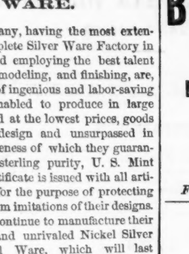
USE

JEWELL BROTHERS'

CELEBRATED

LEAVENING FLOUR.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.



WALTHAM WATCHES ARE THE BEST.

Financial & Commercial.

THE BATTLE OF "BULLS" AND "BEARS."

THE TWENTY-FOURTH of September, 1869, will hereafter be memorable as the great day when horns and claws, goring and biting, bellowing and growling met each other in deadly conflict. There is nothing so merciless as a *gold "bull,"* stamping the earth, swinging his horns and tossing his victim in the air, unless it be a *gold "bear,"* tearing the flesh of his antagonist and hugging him with the grasp of death. Woe to the vanquished when either becomes the victor! Each means death to the other; each preys upon the other; and both make the public weal their common spoil. In plain words, the gold speculators in the City of New York, whether of the "bull" or the "bear" fraternity, do their work on a scale, with a deliberation and desperateness in the use of means, with an intense and unprincipled selfishness, with a cool tenacity and an utter recklessness of the public good, that cast all common gambling into the shade. There is not a copper to choose between them; and, if they would only manage financially to kill each other, and leave no descendants behind them, the country could well afford to foot the bills of their interment.

The scene presented on Friday last in and about the Gold Room of this city, considered in reference to its nature and causes, was not a commercial or banking crisis like that of 1857. Then indeed Wall street was all on fire with the most intense excitement. Merchants were failing by thousands, and millions of accumulated wealth were sunk and lost forever. Princely fortunes faded in a few weeks, and all the business elements of society seemed to be tumbling into a general chaos. Being absolutely driven to the wall, the merchants made a rush upon the banks for their deposits, and suspension followed and relief came. We do we remember when the venerable Napoleon among bank presidents—David Leavitt, whose mantle has fallen upon the shoulders of no successor—stood on the steps of the American Exchange Bank, and, in a manly and truly patriotic speech, endeavored to calm the bewildered multitude that were flying in all directions to save themselves from impending ruin. That was a day that tried men's hearts, and emptied many a purse hitherto full.

The crisis of last week in the Gold Room, though different in its causes, briefer in its period, and far less destructive in its general effects, was in the whirlness and violence of feeling not a whit behind that of 1857. This time it was a crisis occasioned by a desperate fight between the great "bulls" and the great "bears" of New York. The former, having laid their plot, and thoroughly combined their forces, led the attack upon the latter. A preliminary skirmishing, lasting for about three days, closed on Thursday, with all the pickets driven in on both sides, with an advance of some 7 per cent. in the price of gold, and with the most unmistakeable signs of hot work for the next day. At an early hour on Friday morning the combatants were on the ground, facing each other, with a throng of spectators crowding all the streets adjacent to the Gold Room. Men were frantic under the excitement of the moment. The "bulls" shook their horns, rampant in view of what seemed to them certain victory. They could take $20,000,000 of gold, and even exhaust all the gold in the United States Treasury, and then carry the price up to 200, just as well as not. They were ready for Mr. Boutwell, and indeed for all creation. Bolder men than they, by their own showing, never trod Waterloo. They seemingly never felt in better trim for a fight. The "bears," now fully advised of their peril, trembled like felons awaiting their doom. The street purchases and sales of gold started at 145—the price of the previous evening; yet all understood that the great work of the day was to be in the Gold Room. For that place the "bulls" reserved their strength, and there the "bears" expected to encounter the final onset.

At 10 o'clock the market opened, with the Gold Room and all its passages and galleries completely crammed with a mass of men crazy up to fever-heat. "Gold! gold!"—this was the single thought of the hour. The vice-president took his seat, and the secretary was ready with book in hand. The great moguls were there, not daring to trust the work of the day to any but themselves. Yells and screams, Indian war-whoops, shouts and groans, contortions and grimaces, arms flying, and fists menacing human safety, raptures and despairs, were piled upon each other, as if all the demons of perdition or the lunatics of bedlam had been turned into that one place. Hundreds of voices were thundering at the same moment, creating a confusion which only a "bull" or a "bear" could understand. The perspiration ran in streams down many a saddened face. The "bulls" felt strong and jubilant; and the "bears," knowing their foe, saw their fate too late to escape it. Such a scene was never before witnessed in that room, if in any other.

At the first grand charge of the "bulls" gold stood at 145. In a few moments it was up to 150; in less than half an hour it had reached 155; and at about 11 o'clock it was 160. "Hell's to pay now!" shrieked a gray-haired veteran, writhing with agony. Up and still up went the yellow dust, till at one moment it touched 165. The demoralized "bears" seemed nowhere. The Speyers and Fiskes had it all their own way. At this point the market paused and gave signs of faintness under the sheer force of its mighty load. To the rescue came the foaming Albert Speyer, with horns all set, and offered to take any part of $5,000,000 at 160; and Mr. James Brown in an instant pitched it at him, and down went the dose at a single swallow. The boldness of the feat bewildered all. Alas! for human hopes and human courage! Just at this moment a flying rumor swept through the room. A mere hint that Mr. Boutwell had his eye upon the scene, and might possibly interpose his good offices, though as yet nothing but a hint, came very near bursting the bubble and at once winding up the whole contest. Down went gold to 140 in less time than it had gone up; and the "bears" began to shout, and the "bulls" to think that "Hell's to pay" was now on the other side of the question. "Bosh! What fools! What is $4,000,000! Why, we can take $20,000,000!" Thus shouted the more courageous bulls; and with a death-struggle they swept the price back to 160 once more, lifting it 20 per cent. in a twinkling. Agony again seized the "bears," and all seemed to be lost. At this moment some foreign bankers entering the arena found it a good time to unload themselves and give these raving "bulls" a few millions more to digest.

It was now about noon, when a thunder-clap rent the sky. It became known to a certainty that Mr. Boutwell had given orders for the sale of $4,000,000 of gold on the next day. This was enough. It worked a perfect Waterloo defeat to all these fighting "bulls." Not one of them could stand up under this certainty. Away went the market—tumbling, and yet tumbling, and still continuing to tumble, and never pausing till it struck 133. Men were now too hoarse to shout, and too crazy to know what they were doing. The "bears" were dying for joy, and the "bulls" were dying of agony, and all New York rejoicing over the sudden discomfiture of this most infamous combination. The "bulls" retired from the scene, and gave up the fight; and both parties paused for a rest, which they very much needed. Both left the field with less blood and sorer heads than they entered it.

We have thus given a meager sketch of what took place in and about the Gold Room on Friday last. The reader may be assured that it is merely an outline view. The scene in all its minute and changing phases never will be described. We more than ever begin to think that "God made the country and man made the town." We know of no place in this land but the New York Gold Room that could be the theater of such a spectacle.

It is estimated that the advance in the price of gold from Thursday to Friday represents a difference of more than $40,000,000, on the transactions of the latter day alone amounting to the immense volume of $500,000,000. As to the dead "bulls" or the dead "bears" left in this bloody arena of mutual slaughter, we care very little, provided they are thoroughly dead. If they will only kill each other, we pledge ourselves not to trouble them in their graves. With them we have no sympathy, and for their losses no regrets. As to which wins, or which loses, the public have no concern. In either case, it is "dog eat dog." As to the *moral* character of such combinations either to elevate or depress prices, all right-minded people can have but one opinion. We pronounce them, alike in their end and their means, acts of unblushing *rascality* under the forms of bargain and sale. They are nothing else.

The evil to the public is greatly intensified by the fact that the rogues in this case gamble not with stocks or commodities, but with the *money* of the country—the medium of exchange and the standard of values. They derange and put in peril all business operations, and spread consternation among those who are engaged in legitimate trade. It is an alarming fact that a small clique of gold gamblers should, by manipulating a few millions of gold, be able to jeopard property to the amount of thousands of millions, change the purchasing value of money twenty or thirty per cent. at their pleasure, embarass merchants, disturb foreign exchange, and almost arrest the usual collection of duties on imported goods. It is an alarming fact that the whole country should be thrown into a state of feverish agitation and uncertainty by the deadly strifes of these gold gamblers. The public may well be indignant, and ask if there be no remedy for this strange anomaly. Is business to be held in this constant peril? There was no reason for the advance in the price of gold, except in the combination to put it up. When will this reason operate again? No man can tell. Gold "bulls" and gold "bears" are just now at an immense discount in the public esteem, and we hope that they will stay there. Never since the Gold Room became an institution has speculation in gold called forth such an earnest and intense feeling from the public heart. The press has spoken in words of well-deserved condemnation. We suggest that the pulpit might do a good service by hurling the anathemas of truth at these living enormities, rather than spending its power in killing the sins that died before the flood.

DEMOCRATIC REPUDIATION.

We do not intend in these columns to discuss political questions or parties, except as one or the other may involve commercial or financial matters. When this is the fact, we shall always speak with the utmost freedom and plainness. We hence refer to the *financial* resolution adopted by the recent Democratic Convention of the State of New York. It is in the following words:

"*Resolved*, That the Democratic party is now, as it always has been, in favor of the fulfillment of all legitimate contracts made by the Federal Government with the same strictness and honesty that should attend the fulfillment of contracts between man and man; that in the case of the loans made by the Federal Government by authority of law, it is the right not only of the lender, but of the American people, from the fruits of whose labor such loans must be paid, that such obligations should be discharged when due, in the manner provided for by the law in obedience to which they were created."

The persons who framed this resolution and the Democratic Convention that adopted it knew—they could not but know—that the issue made in respect to the public debt is whether the bonds of the Government usually styled "*gold-bonds*," mainly the Five-Twenties, in distinction from those called "*currency-bonds*," should be paid, principal and interest, in *coin*, or paid in *greenbacks*. The repudiators advocate the latter method of payment, claiming that this satisfies the demands of honesty and also the requirements of the law authorizing the issue of these bonds. The Republican party insist upon the former method, as being the only one at all consistent with the well-understood terms of the contract at the time of incurring the debt. In their judgment, the greenback method of payment is no payment at all; but the mere substitution of a non-interest-bearing obligation for one that bears interest, and hence a bare-faced swindle or afterthought of villains. The argument for the Republican view of this question has been so often stated that we forbear to repeat it.

Why then did not the Democratic Convention of the State of New York meet this well-known issue in explicit terms? Why this mere dodge or quibble? What did the Convention mean when talking about payment "*in the manner provided for by the law in obedience to which they (the loans) were created*"? Gentlemen, what is this "manner"? Is it payment in *coin*, or in *greenbacks*? You know?—as every man that is not a fool must know—that a debt cannot be paid by a mere *promise*, and that the substitution of greenbacks for interest-bearing bonds is nothing but a promise. It is merely changing the debt from one form to another; and this is no payment. The studied ambiguity of the Convention upon a vital, living issue justly exposes it, and the party it represents, to the charge of repudiation. Men who mean to be honest never resort to such quibbles. The Government is now in the hands of those who intend to preserve the public faith, and pay the debt of the Government without any trickery; and we are much mistaken if the American people will not judge it best to keep it there.

MONEY MARKET.

NEW YORK has undergone a good many financial revolutions and commercial disasters; but probably never before did the financiers of Wall Street suffer from such a confused condition of affairs as was suddenly precipitated upon them on Friday last, upon the culmination of the great "gold corner," which had been engineered by a small clique of reckless but wealthy speculators. In the time of the old state banks, the processes which usually led to a suspension of specie payments were readily comprehended. Prudent men could prepare for them; and, when the crash came, the worst was known, and preparations could at once be made to recover from the effects of the collapse. But in the present disaster that has overtaken our business community the difficulties of the situation are greatly increased by the uncertainty that is felt as to the extent of the damage that has been done. For the present, the essential facts are that gold sold up on Friday as high as 162, and as low as 132; that the Gold Exchange held no session on Saturday; that the Gold Exchange Bank has been unable to extricate itself from the entanglements in which it has been involved by the enormous amount of the transactions of the gold brokers on Friday; that money has been so difficult to obtain that loans were made as high as 1½ per cent. a day, and that as high as 2 per cent. was paid in several cases for carrying stocks for a single day; that the prices of railway and other shares fell off in the course of a few hours from five to thirty dollars a share, and that prices fluctuated up and down within the space of half an hour eight to ten per cent.; that nearly all kinds of business were thrown into confusion, and that importing merchants were compelled to let their goods go to the general-order stores, from the impossibility of buying gold to pay duties with. Many large and wealthy firms have been brought to the brink of ruin, many have been compelled to suspend, and a shock has been given to the business of the country from which it will not recover in years. And all this mischief was wrought in the course of few minutes by the small clique of gold speculators who had banded together for the twofold purpose of creating a panic in gold and in stocks for their own benefit. We do not undertake to say that they transcended their legal rights, or that they are any worse than any other speculators who enters into combinations for their own profit. But the one important consideration for the public is that, as the Secretary of the Treasury suddenly brought them to grief by announcing his intention to sell four millions of gold, he might have just as easily have prevented the harm that was done by making his announcement one day earlier. It is not for us to say that the Secretary should have done this; but we must sincerely regret that he did not, as every right-thinking man in the country will also. But, until we have some clearer information in relation to the motives of the Government, we refrain from condemning its action in this momentous crisis. But when Congress meets again it is to be hoped that some law will be promptly passed which will relieve the Government from the tremendous responsibility which now rests upon it of controlling, either for good or evil, the immense sums of gold which accumulate upon its hands. The power which this surplus revenue places in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury is greater than any human being ought ever to be trusted with. The Government sales of gold and purchases of bonds have been announced for the month of October. The sub-treasurer in New York is authorized to sell, in the usual manner, one million dollars of gold on each Tuesday and Friday until the first of November, and that the first sale will be made on Tuesday next; also, that he will continue the purchase of two millions of bonds each Wednesday until November first. The sales and purchases hereby authorized are in addition to the sale of gold and the purchase of bonds on account of the Sinking Fund. The sales of gold and the purchase of bonds for the Sinking Fund will be continued without change.

Gold sold on Monday at 133, and on Tuesday at 130.

The bank statement on Saturday showed considerable losses in gold and greenbacks, and also in deposits; but it could hardly be depended upon as giving any indication of the condition of the banks at the close of the week.

The worst of the panic had probably been felt on Monday, when a rumor of the failure of Lockwood & Co. caused a sudden fall in stocks to the extent of 5 to 6 per cent.; but upon the contradiction of the report the market rallied again.

It must be remembered that there has been no diminution of currency or legal-tenders; that gold is just as abundant as it ever was; that large shipments are now on the way here from England; and that nothing in reality has happened that should interfere in the least degree with our general prosperity.

By next week we shall be able to give a more explicit and accurate account of the damages that have been inflicted upon the business community by the great "corner" in gold.

At the close of business on Monday there was a better feeling in Broad Street, but this was succeeded by a very depressed market on Tuesday.

It has leaked out from Washington that Jay Gould applied to Secretary Boutwell, last week, for a loan of 800,000 dollars, to be used in paying the laborers on the Erie extension in Ohio.

DRY GOODS.

THE business of the past week has been very lively in all descriptions of domestic goods, and cottons and woolens have found a ready sale at well-sustained prices. The fall in the price of cotton and the growing scarcity of money have had very little effect upon the market, except at the close of the week. Western purchasers must buy now; and, as the stocks of the jobbing houses are depleted, they must, of necessity, keep up their assortments. So that all classes have been well employed—the commission-houses, the importers, and the jobbers. The gold "corner," which culminated on Friday, and sent up the price for a brief time, had the unlooked-for effect of stimulating certain purchasers to buy largely of foreign fabrics, under the expectation that the rise in gold would prove permanent. They must have been as much disappointed as some of the Broad Street "bulls" when gold suddenly dropped from 162 to 133.

Very little change has taken place in the prices of unbleached shirtings and sheetings. The sales have been large, and the stock in first hands has been considerably reduced but the steadiness of the demand has prevented any fluctuations of values. It is reported that some jobbers have been selling heavy sheetings of popular makes at less than the manufacturers' prices; but such transactions must have been quite limited in amount.

Bleached shirtings and sheetings of the best qualities have been in steady demand, and prices have been firm; but medium and low grades have not sold so freely, and prices, without being essentially changed, have not been maintained with so much firmness as in the higher grades.

The sales of prints have been large and the demand continues active; and, the stock in first hands being considerably reduced, especially as respects desirable patterns and colorings, prices are very firm. Some of the new designs have been sold largely in excess of the manufacturers' ability to supply them, and orders have been taken for future delivery.

Ginghams are of ready sale at firm prices, and in some instances the agents are unable to supply them as fast as they are called for. This is the case, of course, only in the most popular makes. Lancasters and Everitts are sold at 17 cents.

Linseys are without change of price, but the demand is a little more lively than it was.

Muslin de laines are in lively demand, and the sales are unusually large. The market is well supplied, and all goods of this class are doing better than for some time past.

Most descriptions of woolen goods are in good demand, and prices are well maintained; except for inferior grades, of which there is an overstock, and prices consequently rule low.

Flannels are steady in price, but the demand is far from being active; it being restricted mostly to small lots necessary to keep up an assortment.

Blankets are active, but prices are barely steady, except for a few popular makes, which have been almost cleared out from first hands. Manufacturers are looking for an advance.

The season being so well advanced, foreign fabrics of all descriptions have been in much more active demand, especially for dress goods, millinery articles, and for finer qualities of woolen cloths, cassimeres, and overcoatings. The auction-rooms have been well supplied and well attended; but it is only the better qualities of goods that command prices satisfactory to the importer. The great gold speculation, which came to so violent a termination on Friday, deranged business in foreign goods quite seriously; though it stimulated purchases to a considerable extent for speculative purposes, under the supposition that the rise in gold would be maintained. During Friday and Saturday of last week, though the arrivals were large, very few goods were entered at the custom-house, and none were withdrawn from bonded warehouse, owing to the difficulty in buying gold and the uncertainties of its future price. This speculative movement happened at a very inopportune moment for our dry goods dealers, who are now in the midst of their harvest season and to whom every hour is precious time.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, Sept. 27, 1869.

THE following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to THE INDEPENDENT (and more perfectly than to any other newspaper in the city), is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W	15	Lonsdale	16½
Merrimack, D	15½	Wamsutta	17
Cocheco, L	14	Victory	16
Sprague	15½	Waterproof	12½
Pacific	13½	Arnold	11
American	13	Hamilton	12½
Dunnells	13½	Richmond	13
Allens	13	Gloucester	13
Manchester	13	Mourning	13
Nonan	13½	Oriental	12½
Amoskeag	12½	Original	12½

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	15	Hartford	13½
Berkshire	13	Roanoke	12½
Caledonia	13	Glasgow	16

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	14	Pepperell, F	15½
Lawrence, C	14	" H	14½
" G	14½	" G	13½
" H	13½	" N	12½
Pacific, Extra	16½	" O	11½
" H	14	" P	10½
Atlantic, A	17	Boot, S	12½
" B	14½	" D	11½
" L	13½	" O	10½
Shawmut, C	14½	" P	9½
Augusta, F	14½	Appleton, A	13½
Stark, A	16½	Laconia, H	16½
Massachusetts	14	" B	14½
" BB, 4-4	14	" C	13
Indian Head	17	Lyman, E	14½
"	13½	" G	14
Exeter, A	12½	" O	11½
" S	11½	Utica	13
Medford	15½	Fremont	14½
Augusta	14½	Indian Orchard, A	15½
"	13½	" B	13½
Gilbon	12½	" I	12
Pittsfield, A	12½	Great Falls, H	9½
Kennebec	12½	" W	14
Everett, AA	14½	" M	13
Bedford, R	13½	" S	12
Massachusetts	12½	Cabot, A	14½
"	11½	" W	13
" K	10½	Dwight, A	14½
Newmarket, A	13½	" B	13½

BLEACHED MUSLIN.

New York Mills	22	Ballou & Son	15
Wamsutta	22½	"	16½
"	21	Lonsdale	15
Tuscarora	20	" Cambric	21
Bates	19	Hill	17½
White Rock	17	Bartlett	16
Forestdale	17	" 33-inch	18
Masonville	15½	" 31-inch	16
Blackstone	15½	James St'n Mills	15½
Hope	15½	" 33-inch	14
Langdon	15½	" 31-inch	13
" 45-inch	19	Great Falls, S	15
" 46-inch	19	" A	13
Waureegan	15	" Q	11½
Pepperell	23½	" C	10½
"	22½	Red Bank	12½
"	21½	"	11½
"	20½	Waltham, X	17½
Utica	22½	" 42-inch	18
"	21½	"	17
"	20½	"	16½
Scott, R	16½	"	15½
" S	15	Franklin M'f'g	14½
" T	13½	Bay Mills	13½
Androscoggin	18½	Putnam, A	12½
Canoe	17	"	11½
Dwight, A	13½	Green, G	14½
" Long Cloth	24	Amoskeag, A	12½
Reynolds, AA	19	" E	11½
Mystic Lake	19		

DENIMS.

Amoskeag	31	Otis Company, CC	21
York	32	" BB	20½
Blue Hill	24½	" AA	19½
Working Man's	23½	Warren, Brown	23
Union	18	Lewiston, Brown	21
Manchester	21	Columbian	21

STRIPED SHIRTINGS.

Amoskeag	28	Whittenton, A	20
York	21½	" BB	17
Uncasville	18	" C	15
American	13½	Eagle	13
Hamilton	13½	Hamblin	21½
Everett	14	Haymaker	16

TICKS.

York, 30-inch	27	Pacific R'ver	17½
York, 28-inch	24	Methuen, AA	20½
Amoskeag, A. C. A	30	Hamilton, Regular	27
" B	28	Willow Brook	20½
" E	25	Everett	23
" F	23	" A Extra	30
" D	21	Hampden, CO	20
Conestoga, Gold M'k	30	Pearl River	33
" Extra, 6-4	41	Amoskeag, A	17½

CORSET JEANS.

Amoskeag	19½	Pepperell	16
Lawrence	15½	Bates	13
Naumkeag Satteen	17½	Indian Orchard	13½
New Market	14	Everett	15

BROWN DRILLS.

Amoskeag	15	Appleton	17½
Pepperell	17½	Tremont	12
Lawrence	17½	Stark, A	16½
Stark, A	17½	Winthrop	15½

DELAINES.

Pacific	20	Lowell	20
Hamilton	20	Sprague	18
Manchester	20	Everett	21

CANTON FLANNELS.

Hamilton	22½	Salmon Falls, AA	29
Lacoria	21	Amoskeag, A	26
Pemberton, O	19	Manchester	18½
" P	17½	Ellerton	21½
Nashua, A	17	Winthrop	24

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The importance of this is not generally understood, and peop le sometimes buy a wringer *with single cogs on both ends of the shaft*, expecting to get the same advantage. But, as articles can disconnect these single cog-wheels continually on either one side or the other, one-half of the power of the cogs is constantly lost; or if a large article passes through the center, *all* the cogs are frequently disconnected and rendered useless. Such a wringer has double cogs for wringing a very small article, but practically only *Single Cogs* for a medium article, and *no Cogs at all* for a large article, when most needed.

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